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Hymns & Psalms
by Abraham Graves
Utsburg, Boon Co Ky, 1821

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PREFACE.

The distinguished place that Sacred Harmony occupies in religious worship, renders it the duty of every lover of devotion to use his utmost endeavours to give it every possible perfection. A sense of this has prompted many Christian poets to versify the Psalms of David, and to compose divine Hymns and Songs, suited to public and private worship. Their pious labours have furnished the religious world with many excellent and useful productions; but as these books are numerous, and cannot all be used with advantage in public or private worship, many worthy, pious men have, from the consideration of public good, been induced to select from these various publications, such Hymns and Songs as were conceived to be best adapted to general use. These selections, when judiciously made, have been found highly advantageous; but, like every thing human, they fall far short of perfection. They have been from time to time improved, and still appear to be susceptible of further improvement. It remains therefore, the duty of others to improve on the former

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those who have gone before them, that the subject matter of our songs of praise may be pure, as expressive, and as evangelical as possible. As original Hymns and Songs are frequently making their appearance among us, only in manuscript, or scattered through religious periodical publications, it becomes necessary to make and publish new collections, that those which possess intrinsic merit, may become public, and of more extensive use in worshipping assemblies and private circles.

These considerations, together with the scarcity of Hymn Books among us, and the solicitations of friends, have induced the compiler to undertake the present work. He has, from the various publications in use, and such as could be obtained, selected such Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, as have been found, from long experience, to be the most useful and acceptable to the religious public. To these are added, some that never before appeared in print. In the execution of this work, he has aimed at usefulness.

May it please HIM who possesses all things, and to whom this is humbly dedicated, to accept this poor offering, and smile on this feeble attempt, and make it in some degree useful in promoting the interest of the Redeemer's Kingdom; and to his dear name be all the praise.

ABSALOM GRAVES.

*Bullittsburg, Boone Co., Ky.,
May 28, 1825.*

HYMNS AND PSALMS.



1. C. M. WATTS.

*Spiritual Apparel; namely, the Robe of Righteousness
and Garments of Salvation.—Isa. lxi, 10.*

- 1 AWAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely my soul art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

2. C. M. WATTS.

Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake my voice and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the depths of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

3. C. M. WATTS.

Characters of the children of God.

- 1 AS new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the Gospel taste,
And by the Gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves
And all the world relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the work he hates.]
- 3 [Not all the flattering bates on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.
- 4 Not all the chains that tyrants use,
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith like a conqu'ror, can produce
A thousand victories.]
- 5 [Grace like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]
- 6 [Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.]
- 7 They find access at every hour,
To God within the vail;
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.

- 6 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.
- 9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.
- 10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say "My Father God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

4. C. M. WATTS.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

- 1 ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I!
- 2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood!]
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,

- When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

5. C. M. WATTS.

Repentance flowing from the patience of God.

- 1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries "forbear,"
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed, to see
What rebels we have been.

- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
 No more will we obey;
 Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
 And drive thy foes away.

6. C. M. NEWTON.

Faith's review and acceptance.—1 Chron. xvii, 16, 17.

- 1 AMAZING GRACE! (how sweet the sound!)
 That saved a wretch like me;
 I once was lost, but now am found;
 Was blind, but now I see!
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears reliev'd;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me;
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be,
 As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess, within the vail,
 A life of Joy in peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;
 But God, who call'd me hear below,
 Will be forever mine.

7. L. M. MEDLEY.

Loving kindness of God.—Isa. lxiii, 7; Psa. lxiii, 3.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!
- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thundr'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vail,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,

And sing, with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies.

3. C. M. STEELE.

The wonders of redemption.

- 1 AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty souls might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Suprising mercy! Love unknown!)
To suffer bleed and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead!
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul, adoring, bends
To love so full so free;
And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred power to me?
- 6 What glad return can I impart,
For favours so divine?
O, take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

9. C. M. STEEL.

The heavenly Guest.—Rev. iii, 20.

- 1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall Mercy stand,
In all her winning forms!
- 2 Surprising grace! and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?
- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain forever barred?
- 4 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,
The lodging has possess'd;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly Guest.
- 5 Lord, rise in thy all-conquering grace,
Thy mighty power display;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.
- 6 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage of my heart,
And keep out every sin.

10. C. M. SWAIN.

A Friend.

- 1 A Friend there is—your voices join,
Ye saints to praise his name;
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
This friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn his course;
Immutably the same it flows,
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.
- 5 And if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still.
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains.

11. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation approaching—Rom. xiii. 11, 12.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and lift your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

12. S. M. WATTS.

Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection.

- 1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

13. S. M.

The anxious Inquiry.

- 1 AND am I born to die,
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
- 2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought!
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?

Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be!

- 4 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And view the flaming skies!
- 5 How shall I leave the tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
- 6 Shall angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?
- 7 Lord, teach my soul to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

14. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Door.—John x. 9; Hosea ii, 15.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide the door of hope,
In *Achor's* gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
The buildings strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For *Jesus* is the door;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O, may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All trav'ling thro' one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home.

15. C. M. NEWTON.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where *Jesus* answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "thou hast died."
- 5 O wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

16. C. M. STENNETT.

The converted Thief—Luke xxiii. 42, 43.

- 1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:
- 3 "Jesus, thou son and heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.
- 5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me;
And in the vict'ries of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

17. L. M. FAWCETT.

As thy days so shall thy strength be.—Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say.
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Of sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Of deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

18. C. M. STEELE.

Watchfulness and Prayer.—Matt. xxvi. 41.

- 1 ALAS what hourly dangers rise?
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Tho' trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength shall fail.
- 5 When'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

19. C. M.

Triumph in afflictions.

- 1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vail,
And soar to worlds on high;
- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 I'll suffer on my three score years
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 5 O, what has Jesus done for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.
- 6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in-spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.
- 7 O, what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet.

- 3 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day

20 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Running the Christian Race.—Phil. iii. 12, 14.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the step already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
We lay our laurels down.

21. S. M. WATTS.

Adoption.—1 John iii. 1. and Gal. iv. 8.

- 1 BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown:
The Jewish world knew not their King—
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

22. C. M. WATTS.

The repenting Prodigal.—Luke xv. 13. &c.

- 1 BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Have wasted his estate;
He begs a share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!
- 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands;
"My Father's house hath large supplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

- 3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
 "Fall down before his face;
 "Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
 "Nor can deserve thy grace."
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
 To seek his Father's love;
The Father saw the rebel come—
 And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
 Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
 For follies he had done.
- 6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
 (The Father gives command,)
 "Dress him in garments white and clean,
 "With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 "A day of feasting I ordain,
 "Let mirth and joy abound—
 "My son was dead, and lives again,
 "Was lost, and now is found."

23. L. M. WATTS.

The Pharisee and the Publican.—Luke xviii. 10.

- 1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee:
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he hath done.

- 3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows:
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy son.

24. L. M. WATTS.

The Beatitudes—Matt. v. 3. 12.

- 1 BLEST are the humble souls, that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns for them laid up in Heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the suff'ers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

25. L. M. WATTS.

*Few saved : or, the almost Christian, the Hypocrite and the
Apostate.*

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;

Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

26. C. M. WATTS.

A blessed Gospel.

- 1 BLEST are the souls, who hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name,
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Isr'el, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

27. WATTS.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;

What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

28. L. M. WATTS.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home my thoughts that roam abroad;
Let all the powers within me join,
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim the highest praise;
Why should ungrateful silence hide
The blessings which his hands provide?
- 3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels—
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

- 5 Our youth decay'd, his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He fills our store with every good,
And feeds our souls with heavenly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and the opprest,
And often gives the suff'rer rest;
But will his justice more display,
In the last great rewarding day.
- 7 [His power he show'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Isr'el his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.]
- 8 Let the whole earth his power confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join,
In work and worship so divine.

29. C. M. WATTS.

Christ the foundation of the Church.

- 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;

Firm on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

- 4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

30. C. M. NEWTON.

The Meal and Cruise of Oil.—1 Kings xvii, 16.

- 1 BY the poor widow's oil and meal
Elijah was sustained;
Though small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintain'd.
- 2 It seemed as if, from day to day,
They were to eat and die;
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.
- 3 Thus to his poor he still will give
Just for the present hour;
But, for to-morrow, they must live
Upon his word and power.
- 4 No barn or store-house they possess,
On which they can depend;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.
- 5 Then let no doubts your mind assail;
Remember, God has said,
"The cruise and barrel shall no fail
My people shall be fed."

- 6 And thus, though faint it often seems,
He keeps their grace alive;
Supplied by his refreshing streams,
Their dying hopes revive.
- 7 Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The lord is nigh to save;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but ask and have.

31. S. M. NEWTON.

The Pool of Bethesda.—John v. 2 4.

- 1 BESIDE the Gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!
- 3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same:
As full of guilt, and fear and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 O, would the LORD appear,
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?

Surely the mercy I have sought,
Is not for such as I.

- 6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?
- 8 No; he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

32. C. M.

Crown him Lord of all.—Acts x. 36.

- 1 BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O, crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O, crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall,
He understands the spirit's groan;
O, crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
 Although your faith be small;
 His faithfulness you cannot doubt:
 O, crown him Lord of all.

33. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Choosing the better part.—Luke x. 42.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand;
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps aright,
 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart,
 To fix on Mary's better part;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that none can take away.
 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.
 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

34. C. M. WATTS.

*Christ Jesus the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the
 creation.—Rev. v. 11, 13.*

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the lamb that died," they cry,
To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

35. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's invitation to Sinners, or Humility and Pride.
Matt. xi. 28-30

- 1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest, that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;

My yoke is easy to his neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light.

- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

36. L. M. WATTS.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart—Eph. iii. 16.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
 By faith and love in every breast;
 Then shall we know, and taste and feel,
 The joys that cannot be exprest.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts our wishes know,
 Be everlasting honors done,
 By all the Church, thro' Christ, his Son.

37 S. M. Watts.

Heavenly joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from the place;

Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

- 3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please;
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.
- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love:
He shall send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise,
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

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- 9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

- 10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

38. C. M. WATTS.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirits; or, fervency of
devotion desired.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys,
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers.
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

39. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Commission. John. iii. 16, 17.

- 1 COME happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to Almighty Grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again!
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform,
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
- 6, See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

40. C. M. WATTS.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,

- And smete to see our father there,
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And Vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
No double-flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his fury by.

41. S. M. WATTS.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring:
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the God, we sing.

- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.
- 4 The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.
- 5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign,
When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.
- 8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

- 10 Then let our songs abound,
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Yet he arose to live and reign,
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And smiles upon his Son.
- 8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

42. C. M. WATTS.

The different success of the Gospel.—1 Cor. i. 22, 24;
2 Cor. ii. 16; 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak,
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same,
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

43. S. M. WATTS.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground

- 3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race,
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despis'd my promis'd rest,
Shall have no portion there."

44. L. M. STEELE.

Weary souls invited to rest.—Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distress,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;

Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

45. L. M.

The leadings of the Spirit.—Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fears in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ, the living way
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

46. L. M. WATTS' Lyric Poems.

Desiring to love Christ.

- 1 COME, let me love; or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair one bend
And stoop to embrace me from the skies,
- 2 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!
- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.
- 4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus the God, extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.
- 5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood,
Was ever rebel courted so?
In groans of an expiring God?
- 6 Again he lives and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart;

'By these dear wounds,' says he, and stands;
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

- 7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord, melt this flinty heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

47. C. M. EDMUND JONES.

The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King.
Esther iv. 16.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

48. C. M. STEELE.

The joys of Heaven.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin forever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines,
'And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb,
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honors to his name,
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

49. C. M.

God's free Grace.

- 1 COME guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God loved the world, and gave his Son.
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus, says, he'll cast out none
That comes to him by faith.
- 3 Although your sin like mountains rise,
His blood shall cover all;
And blessings from the higher skies,
In gentle streams shall fall.

50. L. M.

The prosperous Saint.

- 1 COME ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow happy road.
- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 That happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
Sound thro' the earth, yea down to hell,
To call the nations, great and small.

- 4 Behold the earth in burning flames,
The trumpet louder still proclaims;
The earth must hear and know her doom;
The separation day is come.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
When Christ, himself, these words pro-
claims,
“Here comes my saints, I know their names;
- 6 “Ye everlasting gates, fly wide,
“Make ready to receive my bride;
“Ye harps of heaven, now sound aloud,
“Here comes the purchase of my blood.”
- 7 In grandeur see the royal line,
In glitt’ring robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.
- 8 They stand in wonder and look on;
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their souls on fire.

51. C. M. WATTS.

*Distinguishing love; or Angels punished and Men
saved.*

- 1 DOWN headlong from their native skies,
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursu’d them deep to hell.

- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 O love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race!
- 4 Must angels sink forever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher?
- 5 O, for this love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

52. C. M. WATTS.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

- 1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land.

My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

- 4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And loose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

53. L. M. STEELE.

Physician of Souls.—Jeremiah viii. 22.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns,
With fatal strength, in every part;
The dire contagion fill the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?
- 4 There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.
- 5 See in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear sacred flood,
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sovereign cure is found;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

54. C. M. STEELE.

Troubled, but making God a refuge.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art mine only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No; still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;

O, may I ever find access,
To breath my sorrows there!

- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

55. C. M.

Desiring assurance of God's favor.

- 1 ETERNAL source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
O, could I say "the Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refin'd;
Substantial bliss, without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Thy smiles can gild the shades of woe,
Bid stormy troubles cease,
Spread the fair dawn of heaven below,
And sweeten pain to peace.
- 4 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
O, speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fear remove.
- 5 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly transport tunes my voice,
To spread thy praise abroad.

56. L. M.

Eternity joyful and tremendous.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity! tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound;
But O! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd and peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain,
The rising doubt, how sharp the pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Speak *me* an object of thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

57. C. M. WATTS' Lyric Poems, (altered.)

The everlasting Song.

- 1 EARTH has engross'd my love too long;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

- 2 There the blest *Man*, my Saviour, sits;
The *God*, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights,
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing;
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And echo, in majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son!
- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's equal down,
To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O sacred beauties of the *Man*!
(The *God* resides within;)
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.
- 8 But, when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The God that lov'd and died.
- 9 Then, all at once, to living, strains
They summon every chord;

Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising *Lord*.

10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;

My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful for work you.

11 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;

O, for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

12 There, ye that love my Saviour sit;
There I would fain have place,

Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

58. C. M. WATTS.

Faith of things unseen.—Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by the eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands,

59. L. M. WATTS.

The enjoyment of Christ; or delight in worship.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
- 5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

60. C. M. WATTS.

The humble worship of heaven.

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all eht joys of s ense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable unknown.
- 4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before the Eternal All.
- 6 There I would vie with all the host,
In duty and in bliss;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity** confess.
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

61. C. M. WATTS.

Spiritual and eternal joy ; or, the beatific sight of Christ.

- 1 FROM thee my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave ;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
- 5 Sweet Jesus ! every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring ;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

62. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 Give to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;

- “Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.”
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
“His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.”
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix’d the starry lights on high;
“Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.”
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
“His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.”
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh’s hand,
And brought them to the promis’d land;
“Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.”
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity move within;
“His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.”
- 7 He sent his Son, with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
“Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.”
- 8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
“His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.”

63. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Gospel of Christ.

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercies shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame,
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

64 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by Grace, from first to last.—Eph. ii. 5. 8.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!

Heaven with the echo shall resound
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my roving feet,
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Tis grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]
- 6 Grace all the works shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

65. L. M. NEEDHAM.

Messiah.—Genesis xlix. 10—Daniel ix. 26—Hag. ii. 0:

- 1 GLORY to God who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
Ye saints and angels if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

- 2 O, what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold,
The days by prophets long foretold;
Judah thy royal sceptres broke,
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd
The time prophetic seals requir'd;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy prince Messiah did atone.
- 5 Thy famous temple Solomon,
Is by the latter far outshone;
It wanted not thy glittering store,
Messiah's presence graced it more.
- 6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous child;
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his character divine.
Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands,
A blessing to these favor'd lands;
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

66. L. M. Watts.

The Apostles' commission; or, the Gospel attested by miracles. Mark xvi, Matt. xxviii.

- 1 "Go, preach my Gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;

- He shall be sav'd, that trusts my word:
 He shall be damn'd, that wont believe.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known,
 And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,
 By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 Go cast out devils in my name;
 Nor let my prophets be afraid,
 Tho' Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme.
- 4 Teach all the nations my commands;
 I'm with you till the world shall end;
 All power is trusted in my hands,
 I can destroy and can defend."
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

67. S. M. WATTS.

*The blessedness of Gospel times; or, the revelation of
 Christ to Jews and Gentiles. Isa. v, 2, 7--10; Matt.
 xii, 16, 17.*

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet the tidings are!
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
 He reigns and triumphs here."

- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight!
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in song,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

68. L. M. WATTS.

Religion vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii, 1 3.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use;
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name.

- 4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

69. C. M. WATTS.

Frailty and Folly.

- 1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive,
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on;
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Sloop downward as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

70. L. M.

Hope in the Covenant; or, God's Promise and Truth unchangeable. Heb. vi, 17-19.

- 1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove,
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God,
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

71. C. M. WATTS.

A prayer of the afflicted.

- 1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke,
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke
And sinking in despair.

- 3 My spirits flag like with'ring grass,
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.
- 5 Dark, dismal thoughts and boding fears,
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 6 Sense can afford no real joy,
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high;
Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 7 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
- 8 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

72. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Seeking to God for the communication of his Spirit.
Ezek. xxxvi, 37.

- 1 HEAR gracious sovereign from thy throne
And send thy various blessings down;

- While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love;
Softener to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy Godlike power be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes,
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne,
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 O, let a holy flock await,
Numerous around thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to thee.
- 5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

73. S. M. STENNETT.

The pleasures of social worship.

- 1 HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

- 3 Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries,
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

74. C. M. WATTS.

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

1. HOW vain are all things here below?
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,

How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be,
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

75. C. M. WATTS.

Faith in Christ, for pardon and sanctification.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred Word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King;
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

76. C. M. NEWTON.

The name of Jesus.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name.
Refresh my soul in death.

77. C. M.

The Christian happy.

- 1 HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven,
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.
- 2 Though in the rugged paths of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Delivering grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chastening rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back,
To his forgiving God.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul, in raptures, shall ascend
To everlasting day.

78. C. M. STEELE.

Walking in Darkness and trusting in God.—Isaiah. I, 10.

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs,
When will the mournful night be gone?
And when my joys arise?

2 My God, O could I make the claim—
My Father and my Friend—
And call thee mine by every name,
On which thy saints depend!

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace intreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs;
For songs of sacred praise.

79. L. M. J. L. HOLMAN.

all ye sons of sin and woe,
You who pain and sorrow know;

Hear what the Saviour has express'd,
"Come unto me, I'll give you rest."

2 Ye trembling souls, who long have been
The heavy-laden slaves of sin,
With guilt's tremendous weight oppress'd,
"Come unto me, I'll give you rest."

3 Does wrath lie heavy on your soul?
Do Sinai's thunders round you roll?
Is awful fear your only guest?
"Come unto me, I'll give you rest."

4 Can you your guilt no longer bear?
Has justice doom'd you to despair?
Have dismal horrors seiz'd your breast?
"Come unto me, I'll give you rest."

5 Have you been laboring long in pain,
And wept, and pray'd, and groan'd in vain,
And yet art wretched, yet unblest?
"Come unto me, I'll give you rest."

6 Do you beneath afflictions groan?
Has every earthly comfort flown?
Has Satan's rage your soul distress'd?
"Come unto me, I'll give you rest."

7 Have you been tempted far astray,
And mourning seek the heavenly way,
While grief and shame your peace molest?
"Come unto me, I'll give you rest."

8 We come, dear Jesus, draw us nigh;
We come, O give us wings to fly;

We come to thee, thou dearest best;
We come, O Saviour! give us rest.

80. L. M. WATTS' Lyric Poems, (altered.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home.
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains!
- 6 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "where's thy sting?
"And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

81. S. M. STENNETT.

Divine Mercies in constant succession.—Lamentation
iii. 22-3

- 1 How various and how new,
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld,
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held,
In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refin'd,
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind;
And chas'd our fears away.
- 5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sovereign and how free!
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to thee.
- 6 How various and how new,
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

82. C. M. - BEDDOME.

The freeness of the Gospel.

- 1 HOW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood!
- 2 The mightiest king, and meanest slave,
May his rich mercy taste;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the gospel feast.
- 3 None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.
- 4 Come, then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue;
What you are willing to receive,
Doth unto you belong.

83. C. M. WATTS.

A prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain,
Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

- 3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry,
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.
- 4 Lo I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heaven appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 5 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

84. C. M.

- 1 IF, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear?
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on thy soul,
O how shall I appear?
- 4 Lord, see the sorrows of my heart,
My inward anguish heal;
And by my Saviour's dying groans,
Assuage the pains I feel.

- 5 For never shall my soul despair,
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thy only Son has died,
 To make that pardon sure.

85. C. M. WATTS.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.—2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause,
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as the throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name,
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

86. C. M. WATTS.

Presumption and Despair; or, Satan's various Temptations.

- 1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
 I hate his flatt'ring breath;
 The serpent takes a thousand forms,
 To cheat our souls to death.

- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, "how easy 'tis
"To walk the road to heaven;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiven."
- 4 [He bids young sinners "yet forbear
"To think of God or death;
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath?"]
- 5 He tells the aged, "they must die,
"And 'tis too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have lost their day."
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God, cut short this power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

87. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

- 1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
"Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

- 2 " 'Tis finish'd," our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For Glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead,
He passed to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye,
Await their sev'ral crowns;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

88. L. M. WATTS.

Parting with carnal Joys.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your stream had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;

That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my head and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

89. S. M. WATTS.

*Repentance from a sense of Divine Goodness; or, a
complaint of ingratitude.*

- 1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 [On us he bids the sun,
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.
- 4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]

- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace these hearts of stone
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

90. S. M. NEWTON.

The good that I would, I do not.—Rom. vii. 19.

- 1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus make it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine:
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.
- 4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.
- 5 O, could I but believe,
Then all would easy be;

I would but cannot—Lord, relieve;
My help must come from thee.

6 But if indeed I *would*
Though I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length,
The work thou has begun?
And with a will afford me strength,
In all thy ways to run.

91. L. M. NEWTON.

Prayer answered by crosses.

1 ASK'D the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he I trust has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such away,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell,
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd,
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I seem'd,
Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd;
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

92. C. M. NEWTON.

Looking at the Cross.

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I'll die, that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus; while his death my sin display's,
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

93. C. M.

- 1 IN all my troubles, sharp and strong;
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope,
Is in my Saviour's blood.

- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

94. C. M. WATTS.

Redemption by price and power.

- 1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part;
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chain,
And sent the Lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reign.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints that feel his grace.

95. L. M. BEDDOME.

Gift of God.—John iii. 16; 2 Cor. ix. 15.

- 1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

- When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distress;
The first of all his gift bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

96 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Jesus, precious to them that believe.—1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And Gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon, my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of its name,
With my last laboring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

97. L. M. CREGG, (altered by B. Francis.)

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus? Sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus? Just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee;

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; When I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus? Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.
- 7 [His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise,
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

98. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then Remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on the throne,
Dear lord, remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee;

Then, O my Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me.

99. L. M. WATTS.

*The Church's beauty in the eyes of Christ—Cant. iv.
1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9.*

- 1 KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word;
"Lo! thou art fair, my love," he cries,
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.
- 2 Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
Salutes mine ear with secret joys;
No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk nor honey tastes so well.
- 3 Thou art all fair, my bride, to me;
I will behold no spot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!
- 4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.
- 5 "My sister and my spouse," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
Thy powerful love my heart detains
In strong delight and pleasing chains."
- 6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beasts and men,
To Zion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.
- 7 Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,

Shall hold my feet or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

100. C. M. WATTS.

*The invitation of the Gospel; or, spiritual food and
clothing.—Isa. lv. 1, &c.*

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provisions taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin;
- 7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,

Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.

8 Dear God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

9 The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

101. L. M. WATTS.

Our own weakness and Christ our strength.—2 Cor. xxi.
7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy days,"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

- 5 So Sampson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

102. C. M. WATTS.

A vision of the Kingdom of Christ among men—Rev.
xxi 1-4

- 1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away.
And the old rolling skies;
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!
- 4 The God of glory down to men,
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.
- 5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
fears,
And death itself, shall die."

- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

103. C. M. WATTS.

Salvation by Grace. Tit. iii. 3. 7.

- 1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God.
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

104. C. M. WATTS.

Conviction of Sin by the Law. Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.
- 3 [My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry, with every breath,
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

105. C. M. WATTS.

Love and Charity. 1 Cor. xiii, 2-7, 13.

- 1 LET Pharisees of high esteem,
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.
- 4 She ne'er desires, nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]
- 5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbor's good;
So God's own son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her power,
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints forever love.

106. S. M. WATTS.

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ. Isa. liii.
6-12.

- 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;

- Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honor and his breath,
Were taken quite away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men;
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.
- 6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

107. L. M. WATTS.

The enjoyment of Christ; or, delight in worship.

- 1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

- 2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls emplo
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss
And pluck new life from heavenly trees;
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

108. C. M. WATTS.

Our frail bodies, and God our preserver.

- 1 Let others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;

- A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 He spoke, and straight our hearts and
brains
In all their motions rose;
'Let blood,' said he, 'flow round the veins,'
And round the veins it flows.
- 6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

109. C. M. WATTS.

The pilgrimage of the Saints, or, Earth and Heaven.

- 1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruit, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!
- 2 But piercing thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

- 2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.
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No cheering fruit, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!
- 2 But piercing thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.
- 4 Our souls shall tread the desert through,
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.
- 5 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.
- 6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.
- 7 By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Thro' dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to God.
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

110. C. M. WATTS.

Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.

- 1 Long have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!
- 3 My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne?
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
- 5 Great God! thy sov'reign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joy on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

111. S. M. WATTS.

The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood. 1 John

- 1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us, strangers, nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, the Ambassador of peace
How cheerfully he came

- 3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears,
To make our payment good.
- 4 My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.
- 5 Infinite was our guilt;
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.
- 6 Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.
- 7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies;
Fulfil his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.
- 8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.
- 9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.
- 10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;

Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.

112. C. M. WATTS.

The holy Scriptures.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the field, where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command:
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

113. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to God, for creation and redemption.

- 1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame;
Salvation to the Lord.
- 4 Hossanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vails, reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

114. L. M. WATTS.

Life the day of grace and hope.—Eccl. ix. 4-6, 10.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve, the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath given,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven,
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

- 3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust:
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

115. C. M. WATTS.

*The song of Simeon; or, death made desirable.—Luke
ii. 27, &c.*

- 1 LORD at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O, Make our joy the same.
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child!
- 3 "Now I can leave this world" he cry'd;
"Behold thy servant dies;

- “I’ve seen thy great salvation, Lord,
“And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 “This is the Light prepared to shine
“Upon the Gentile lands,
“Thine Israel’s glory, and their hope,
“To break their slavish bands.”
- 5 [Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death’s cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

116. C. M. STEELE.

Creation and Providence.

- 1 LORD, when our raptur’d thought
surveys
Creation’s beauties o’er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bids our souls adore.
- 2 Where’er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise
And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

- 4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness Lord,
In all thy works appear;
And, O! let man thy praise record—
Man, thy distinguish'd care!
- 5 From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 6 Ye noble favors claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely bless'd.
- 7 Thy providence, his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend;
Or will th' impending danger ward,
Or timely succors lend.
- 8 On us that providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise!

117. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Gospel Jubilee.—Psalm lxxxix. 15.

- 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,

- When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely given;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her bless'd inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great,
Their joy still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls, that know the sound,
Celestial light their step surround,
And show the jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

118. C. M.

Humble pleading for Mercy.

- 1 LORD at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.
- 2 [On us the vast extent display,
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

- 3 We sink with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell;
O, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our numerous fears dispel.]
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore,
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 O, for thy own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking, soon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

119. L. M.

Humble Trust; or, Despair prevented.

- 1 LORD didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardons, rich and free?
And grace, an overwhelming flood?
- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee, to regions of despair?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sovereign reign;

What other happy souls have found;
I'll seek nor shall I seek in vain.

- 4 I own my guilt my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Where the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died.
'Twould only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Low at thy feet I cast me down
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

120. C. M. NEEDHAM.

- 1 LORD in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne;
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known.
- 2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear Father, hear our humble prayer,
And bring thy blessings nigh.
- 3 Few be our words, and short our prayers,
While we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

121. C. M. WATTS.

Complaining of spiritual sloth.

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so,
Awake my sluggish soul,
Nothing has half thy work to do
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above;
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

122. C. M. WATTS.

God's presence is Light in Darkness.

- 1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his."
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up, with joy, the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

123. S. M. Watts.

God all, and in all.—Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;

- 'Tis Paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thy embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

124. C. M. WATTS.

God my only happiness.—Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 My God my portion and my love,
My everlasting all,

I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!

There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades, I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face.
And I desire no more.

125. C. M. WATTS.

Hardness of heart complained of.

- 1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne;
And every grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.
- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul,
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing,
Would thrust it from my arms.
- 5 Against the thunders of thy word,
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.
- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea;
None but a bath of love divine,
Can melt the flint away.

126. S. M. WATTS' Lyric Poems.

Confession and Pardon—1 John i. 9; Prov. xxviii. 13

- 1 MY sorrows, like a flood
Impatient of restraint,

- Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 This impious heart of mine,
Could once defy the Lord;
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.
- 4 O, shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel,
That mercy cannot move?
- 5 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie;
And through my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.
- 6 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise,
"Behold my wounded veins;
Here flows a sacred, crimson flood,
To wash away thy stains."
- 7 See, God is reconcil'd!
Behold his smiling face!
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And sound aloud his grace.

127. C. M. MEDLEY.

The Incarnation of Christ.—Luke ii. 14.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;

- Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night,
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wondrous scene unfurl'd.]
- 6 Hark! the churubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
- 7 [O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays!
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
"Good will and peace are now complete,
"Jesus was borne to die."

6 Hail, Prince of life forever hail!

Redeemer, brother, friend!

Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,

Thy praise shall never end.

128. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine drawings celebrated; or Gratitude the Spring of true Religion.—Hosea xi. 4.

1 MY God, what silken cords are thine!

How soft and yet how strong!

While power, and truth, and love combine

To draw our souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke

Of Satan and of Sin;

Thy hand the iron bondage broke,

Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins,

One moment takes away;

And grace, when first the war begins,

Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort through all this vale of tears

In rich profusion flows,

And glory of unnumber'd years,

Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,

'Till round thy throne we meet;

And captives in the chains of love,

Embrace our conqu'ror's feet.

129. C. M.

- 1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour and my King;
I hear his joyful voice.
- 2 I need not go abroad for joys,
I have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come.
- 3 Down from above, the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my joyful feast.
- 4 This makes me Abba Father cry,
With confidence of soul;
This makes me cry my Lord my God,
And that without control.
- 5 There is a stream, which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb a living stream,
As clear as crystal stone:
- 6 This stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my soul,
Whence all my joys do spring.
- 7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

- 8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.
- 9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap; but O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove!
- 10 Then would I fly far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin;
Then would my Lord reach forth his hand
And kindly take me in.
- 11 Then would my soul with angels feast,
On joys that ever last;
Blest be my God, the God of joys,
Who gives me here a taste.

130. C. M. WATTS.

Afflictions and death under Providence. Job. v. 6, 7, 8.

- 1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance!
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;

He rules me by his well known laws,
Of love and righteousness.

- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

131. L. M. WATTS.

Advice to youth; or old age and death in an unconverted state. Ecc. xii. 1, 7; Isa. lxx. 20.

- 1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, 'my joys are gone.'
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

132. L. M. WATTS.

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;

- Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines, in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories, from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

133. C. M. MATTS.

Heaven invisible and holy. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10; Rev. xxi. 27.

- 1 NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region, peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

134. C. M. MATTS.

Victory over Death. 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

- 1 O for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
And all his frightful powers.
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where the monster's sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my Ransom, died.

- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living head.

135. L. M. WATTS.

*Christ found in the street, and brought to the Church,
Cant. iii. 1, 5.*

- 1 OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight!
With warm desire, and restless thought,
I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise and search the street,
Till I, my Lord, my Saviour, meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
"Where did you see my soul's delight?"
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.
- 4 I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To Zion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.
- 5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.

- 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

136. C. M. WATTS.

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

- 1 O God of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

137. C. M. WATTS.

Repentance at the Cross.

- 1 OH! if my soul was formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs?
Repentance should, like rivers, flow
From both my streaming eyes.

- 2 Oh! how I hate these lusts of mine,
That crucify'd my God!
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.
- 3 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart hath so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 4 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

138. C. M. COWPER.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

- 1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord;
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word.
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;

- I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be here with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So, purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

139. C. M. WATTS' Sermons.

O that I knew where I might find him; or, Sins and Sorrows laid before God. Job. xxiii. 3, 4.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

140. L. M. WATTS' Lyric Poems.

Love to Christ, present or absent.

- 1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile upon thy beauteous face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 While of thy absence we complain,
And long, or weep in all we do.
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night,
For some kind tidings of our love,
Thy very name creates delight.
- 5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come;
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

141. C. M. WESLEY,

Triumphs of Grace.

- 1 FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb;
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

142. L. M. HART.

The Stony Heart.

- 1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake,
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need
Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

143. L. M.

Desiring Repentance.

- 1 O, GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins, which have thy body torn;
Give me, with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O, could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon the bleeding sight!
Ah! that with Salem's daughter's, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die?
- 3 I'd smite my breast, and weep and mourn,
And never from the cross return;

- I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.
- 4 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
"Lord, save my soul, condemn'd to die!"
O, let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy son.
- 5 Father of mercies, drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son,
And with my broken heart comply;
O, give me Jesus, or I die.
- 6 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only relieve my soul from guilt;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.

144. L. M. NEWTON.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend! 2 Sam. xvi. 17.

- 1 POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich Almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour is his name;
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his power, my foes controll'd;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies;
O, what a friend is Christ to me.

- 4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust and disobey;
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than what my friend can say.
- 6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask;
But I am strait'ned, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world, that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with
shame;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.
- 8 Sure, were I not most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite;
And were not he the God of grace
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

145. C. M. STENNETT.

The Penitent.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 O, let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm;

- Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of my sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

146. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

- 4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls,
From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed project tries;
We, that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.]
- 5 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame,
Hossanna round the spacious earth,
To thine adored name.
- 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

147. C. M. NEWTON.

Belshazzar.—Daniel v. 5, 6.

- 1 POOR sinners, little do they think
With whom they have to do;
But stand securely on the brink
Of everlasting woe.
- 2 Belshazzar thus profanely bold,
The Lord of hosts defied;

But vengeance soon his boasts controll'd,
And humbled all his pride.

- 3 He saw a hand upon the wall,
(And trembled on his throne,) "
Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall,
In characters unknown.
- 4 Why should he tremble at the view
Of what he could not read?
Foreboding conscience quickly knew
His ruin was decreed.
- 5 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress;
His eyes with anguish roll;
His looks and loosen'd joints express
The terrors of his soul.
- 6 His pomp and music, guests and wine,
No more delight afford;
O sinner, ere this case be thine,
Begin to seek the Lord.
- 7 The law like his hand writing stands,
And speaks the wrath of God;*
But Jesus answers its demands,
And cancels it with blood.

* *Colossians* ii. 19.

148. L. M. HART.

Pray without ceasing.—1 *Thes.* v. 17.

- 1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live, should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites;
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—PRAY.
- 5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 6 Depend on him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

149. C. M. FAWCETT.

Inward Religion. JAMES i. 27.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this, than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;

- Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love;
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

150. S. M. WATTS.

Christ's Commission. John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant song
To an immortal tune,
Let the whole earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From this^a abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent, with pardons down,
To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

151. C. M. WATTS.

God's eternity.

- 1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;

- Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And *ever* is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

152 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God hath commanded all men every where to repent.
Acts xvii. 30.

- 1 "REPENT," the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are despatch'd abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

- 3 The summons reach through all the earth,
Let earth attend and fear;
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear.
- 4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.
- 6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days?
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

153. S. M. WATTS.

Christ the wisdom of God. Prov. viii. 1, 22-32.

- 1 SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?
- 2 "I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.
- 3 "Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.

- 4 "When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.
- 5 "When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree,
In its own bounds to keep.
- 6 "Upon the empty air
The earth was balanc'd well;
With joy I saw a mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 "My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.
- 8 "Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them dies.

154. C. M. WATTS..

The deceitfulness of Sin.

- 1 SIN hath a thousand treach'rous arts,
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So, on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

15b. C. M. WATTS.

The brazen Serpent; or, looking to Jesus. John iii. 14, 16;

- 1 So did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
And live," the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns;
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring Gentile lives.

156. L. M. WATTS.

Holiness and Grace. Titus ii. 10-15.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express,
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honor of our Saviour, God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

157. C. M. WATTS.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

158. C. M. WATTS.

Christian virtues; or, the difficulty of conversion.

- 1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few who find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdu'd.
- 3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile adolatry,)
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.
- 6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfil a task so hard?
'Thy grace must all my work perform.
And give the fre reward.

159. L. M. WATTS.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

160. C. M. NEWTON.

O that I were as in months past. Job xxix. 2.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood

- Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn his light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O, come without delay.

161. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

O Lord, say unto my soul, I am thy Salvation.

Psalm xxxv. 3.

- 1 SALVATION! O melodious sound,
To wretched, dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye,
To blessings so divine?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears,
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour, God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

162. L. M. WATTS.

The Christian warfare.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's on

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 [What though the prince of darkness rage;
And waste the fury of his spite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps, and endless night.
- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel!
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.]
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conq'rors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

163. C. M. WATTS' Lyric Poems.

- 1 "SHEPHERDS rejoice! lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies—
Salvation's born to day!
- 2 Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

- 3 No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.
- 4 Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:
- 6 "Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O, may we lose our useless tongues,
When they forget to praise.
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

164. L. M. WATTS.

God dwells with the humble and penitent. Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

- 1 THUS saith the High and Lofty One:
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God; I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

- 2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 "The humble soul my words revive;
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 "When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath forever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."
- 5 O, may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die;
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.

165. C. M. WATTS.

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

166. C. M. WATTS.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

- 1 TIME, what an empty vapor 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, "they're here;"
But only say "they're past."
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;

The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd.

7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

167. C. M. WATTS.

The everlasting absence of God, intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "depart?"

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,

- 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What! to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly!
- 5 Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.
- 6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.
- 8 Give me one kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait,
Her threescore years and ten.

168. C. M. WATTS.

A prospect of Heaven makes death easy.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

169. C. M. WATTS.

The vanity of man as mortal.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow ways,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust!
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

170. C. M. COWPER.

Praise for the fountain opened. Zach. xiii. 1.

- 1 THERE is a fountain, fill'd with blood
Drawn from *Immanuel's* veins,
And sinners, plung'd into that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd, to see
That fountain in his day;
O, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my stains away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

171. C. M. STEELE.

The Saviour's invitation. John vii. 37

1 The Saviour calls, let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain,
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners come, 'tis Mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

172. C. M. STENNETT.

Chief among ten thousand; or, the excellencies of Christ.
Cant. v. 10. 15.

- 1 TO Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring;
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;

Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He fled to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 His hand a thousand blessings pours,
Upon my guilty head;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.

7 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

8 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

173. C. M. COWPER.

The contrite heart. Isaiah lvii. 15.

1 The Lord will happiness divine,
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel;
 If aught is felt 'tis only pain,
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee if I could;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more;
 But when I cry "my strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted I know,
 And love their house of prayer;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache,
 Decide this doubt for me;
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it if it be.

174. C. M. HART.

Tribulation.

- 1 THE souls that would to Jesus press,
 Must fix this firm and sure;
 That tribulation more or less,
 They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this, there can be none exempt;
 'Tis God's most wise decree.
 Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
 Nor is the strongest free.

- 3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up,
And then how proud we grow!
'Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low.
- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wandering heart;
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify;
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with Hell by faith.
- 7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong;
His promises are true;
We shall be conqu'rors all, ere long,
And more than conqu'rors too.

175. C. M.

Book of God's Word and Nature.

- 1 THOU only source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray;
Break radiant, thro' the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

176. C. M. STEELE.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song;
O, may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die?
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart, with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

- 5 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

177. L. M. WATTS.

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted.—Prov. viii. 34-36.

- 1 THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord—
“Blest is the man that hears my word,
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.
- 2 The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward,
Life, and the favor of the Lord.
- 3 But the vile wretch that flies from me,
Doth his own soul an injury;
Fools, that against my grace rebel,
Seek death, and love the road to hell.

178. L. M. FAWCETT.

Remembering all the way the Lord has led him.—Deut.
viii. 2.

- 1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

- 3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sin and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft and absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes overturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?
- 6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

179. L. M. STEELE.

*To whom shall we go, but unto Thee? or, Life and safety,
in Christ alone.—John vi. 67-69.*

- 1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart—
On these my fainting spirit lives;

Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of Nature gives.

- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from Thee, 'tis death—'tis more;
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 6 Lo! at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

180. L. M. WATTS.

Seeking the pastures of Christ, the Shepherd.—Cant. i, 7.

- 1 THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures, here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and
tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved leads me home.]

181. L. M. WATTS.

Christ appearing to his Church and seeking her company.—Cant. ii, 8—13.

- 1 THE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies, to my relief.
- 2 Now through the veil of flesh, I see,
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now, in the Gospel's clearest glass,
He shows the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
"Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 "The Jewish wintry state is gone,
The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
The sacred turtle-dove we hear
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 "Th' immortal vine of heavenly root,
Blossoms, and buds, and gives her fruit."

- Lo! we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.
- 6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
"Rise up, my love, make haste away,"
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
"And leave all earthly loves behind."

182. L. M. WATTS.

The description of Christ the Beloved.—Cant. v, 9—12
14, 15, 16.

- 1 THE wond'ring world enquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so;
"What are his charms," they say, "above
The objects of a mortal love?"
- 2 Yes, my Beloved, to my sight,
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white;
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.
- 3 [White is his soul, from blemish free,
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A son among ten thousand stars.
- 4 His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Near to the signals of his wound;
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

- 9 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than di'monds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd and torn, and bled for me
7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]
8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
Nor more shall trickling sorrow roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.]
9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints;
His countenance more graceful is,
Than Lebanon with all its trees.
10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

183. L. M. WATTS.

A sight of God mortifies us to the World.

- 1 [UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly;
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
2 Thy wondrous blood, dear, dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;

And thou canst hear me where thou fliest,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

3 O, might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!]

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in all! eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

184. S. M. Watts.

The Lord's day; or, delight in ordinances.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,

Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

185. C. M. WATTS.

Backsliding and returns; or, the inconstancy of our love.

- 1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair, deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.
- 6 Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so;

- Where will those wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?
- 7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.
- 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands,
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.
- 9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.
- 10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

186. C. M. WATTS.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit.—Rom. viii, 14, 16.
Eph. i, 13, 14.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come,
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

187. C. M. WATTS.

The hope of Heaven our support under trials on Earth.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

188. C. M. WATTS.

Sufficiency of pardon.

- 1 Why does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?

- What doubts are these that waste your
And nourish your despair? [faith,
- 2 What though your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?
- 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows,
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase.
- 5 It rises high and drowns the hills;
Has neither shore nor bound;
Now if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace,
That buries all our faults;
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

189. C. M. WATTS.

Strength from Heaven.—Isa. xl, 27—30.

- 1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Have restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot the Almighty name
That formed the earth and sea?

- And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 3 The treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

190. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted. Heb. iv.
15, 16, and v. 7; Matt. xii. 20.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address,
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the distressing hour.

191. C. M. NEWTON.

Will ye also go away? John vi. 67, 69.

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's ways,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,
Thou art the CHRIST of God,

- Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope release to find,
But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, no.

192. L. M. NEWTON.

Christ crucified.

- 1 When on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move;
For I am all dissolv'd in love.
- 2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart,
In every groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes;
But see! he bows his head and dies.
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood:
Behold his side and venture near;
The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains,
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;

Only the Fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

- 5 O, that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal;
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim,
The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound,

193. L. M. COWPER.

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat;
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;*
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalech prevail'd.

* Exodus xvii. 11.

- 5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

194. L. M. WATTS.

*The strength of Christ's love, and the soul's jealousy of
her own.*—Cant. viii. 5, 7, 13, 14.

- 1 WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness,
And, press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans?
- 2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint.
- 3 "O, let my name engraven stand,
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 4 "Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine,
To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from thee depart,

Then let thy name be well imprest,
As a fair signet on my breast.

6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy count'nance let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me.

7 "Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay:
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hill where spices grow."

195. C. M. WATTS' Lyric Poems.

The grace of God, or Divine condescension.

1 WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes,
From towers of haughty kings.

2 He bids his awful chariot roll,
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

3 Why should the Lord that reigns above,
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

4 Mortals, be dumb! what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

- 5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign, and all free;
Great God! how searchless are thy ways—
How deep thy judgments be!

196. C. M. STENNETT.

The Glorious Gospel of the blessed God.—1. Tim. i. 11

- 1 WHAT wisdom, majesty and grace
Through all the Gospel shines!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' Almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt that sinners ow'd,
Upon the cross he pays;
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There he our great High Priest appears,
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God, with reverence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace,
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

197. L. M. WATTS' Sermons.

The Gospel is the power of God to salvation.—Rom. i. 16.

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief from all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his Gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
That saves rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.
Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

198. S. M. STEELE.

Shepherd.—Psalm. xxiii. 1, 3.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,

- I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my fainting spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food and safety blest;
Beneficence divine!
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

199. L. M. FAWCETT.

*The Christian awakened—What must I do to be
Saved?—Acts ix. 6.*

- 1 WITH melting heart, and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whether flee,
T' escape the vengeance due to me?

- 2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die?
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cry'd.
- 3 But when, great God, thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years;
Before thy pure, discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
"O, save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

200. C. M.

The song of Men, responsive to the song of the Angels.

- 1 WHILE angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
Shall men no anthems raise?
O, may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise!
- 2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heavenly throng;
For angels no such love have known,
As we, to wake their song.

- 3 Good will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! the incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heaven!
- 4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
"The promis'd child is born!"
- 5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid;
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.
- 6 Till we attain those blissful realms
Where now our Saviour reigns,
To rival those celestial choirs
In their immortal strains.

201. L. M. SCOTT.

- 1 WHY droops my soul, with guilt opprest?
Why these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind physician to be found?
- 2 Yes, in the Gospel's faithful lines
Jehovah's boundless mercy shines;
There, dress'd in love, the Saviour stand
With pitying heart and wooing hands.
- 3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes,
Behold, the Prince of glory dies!
He lies extended on the tree,
And sheds a sovereign balm for me.

- 4 Millions who now his throne surround,
Here sought relief, here mercy found;
His cross dispell'd their gloomy fears,
Heal'd all their wounds, dried all their
tears.
- 5 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear,
That grace which reigns triumphant here.
- 6 Still in thy heart compassions dwell,
O, save me from the snares of hell;
Physician kind, now think on me,
For all my hopes is fix'd on thee.

202. C. M. ADDISON.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Thy mercy still explore.
- 7 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

203. C. M. STEELE.

The goodness of God.—Nahum. 1 7.

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies,

A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise,

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above,
Can render equal praise.

204. L. M. STEELE.

Happy poverty; or the poor in spirit blessed.—Matt. v. 3.

- 1 YE humble souls, complain no more,
Let faith survey your future store;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boast their little stores,
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours—
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies—

- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmov'd forever must remain.
- 6 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend that died for you;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.
- 7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer;
Reveal, confirm my interest there;
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know.
- 8 O, let me hear that voice divine,
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine;
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

205. C. M. STEELE.

Pearl of great price.—Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immense.
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!

Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joys I would renounce them all,
For leave to call the mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever bless'd.

6 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

206. C. M. NEWTON.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame,
The fire of love supplies;
But that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breaths revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

- 4 But self, however well employed,
Hath its own end in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu did,
Come see what I can do.
- 5 Zeal hath attain'd its highest aim,
Its wish is satisfy'd,
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it aught beside.
- 6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause shall gain,
When Jesus doth appear.
- 7 Dear Lord, this idol self dethrone,
And from our breast remove;
And may no zeal by us be shown,
But that which flows from lone



HYMNS BEFORE SERMON

207. C. M. HART.

- 1 ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O, may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.
- 3 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name.

- To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a copious fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let every plant thy power partake,
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heavenly showers;
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

208. L. M. STENNETT.

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise.
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;

Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

209. S. M.

A broken heart and a bleeding Saviour.

- 1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?
- 2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfied;
And now to its most rigorous claim,
I answer, "Jesus died."

210. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones.—Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its tophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;

- In vain they call in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So, when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the
ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

211. L. M.

- 1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Learn me what thou wouldst have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in the narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.
- 3 Enrich me always with thy love,
My kind protector ever prove;
The signet put upon thy breast.
And let thy spirit on me rest.
- 4 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhor'st, that let me see,
And only love what pleases thee.

- 5 O, may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine fulfil;
Let all my time, and all my ways,
Be spent and ended in thy praise.

212.

A blessing humbly requested.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

213. S. M. FAWCETT.

Love to the Brethren.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we assunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

214. L. M.

- 1 COME now, poor sinners, share a part,
And give the blessed Christ your heart;
Come, we will take you by the hand;
Come, go with us to Canaan's land.
- 2 Leave all your sins and earthly toys,
And seek with us those solid joys;
For soon in glory we shall rise,
And there enjoy the lasting prize.
- 3 Poor sinner, now, pray contemplate,
Before eternally too late;
Thy soul is precious, and must dwell
With saints above, or sink to hell.
- 4 But if with us you will not go,
And seek this Jesus for to know,
Then we must bid you all adieu,
For by his grace we'll him pursue,

215. L. M. HART.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
Lnd let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood,
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

216 NEWTON, (altered.)

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.--Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 Lord I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;

- Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now—
Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No; I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

217. L. M.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!

- At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that wicked men can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O, write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
And let me break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divin
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
My soul at last may dwell with God.

218. C. M.

Parting.

- 1 LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet;
We're loath to leave the place.
- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
O, let thy precious presence still
With every one remain.
- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne
Shall joyous meet above;

- 4 Where sin and sorrow, from each heart,
Shall then forever fly;
And not one thought, that we shall part,
Once interrupt our joy.
- 5 Where void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in seraphic, heavenly strains,
Redeeming love admire.
- 6 And thus, through all eternity,
Upon the heavenly shore,
The great, mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah we'll adore.

219. S. M.

- 1 NOW, Lord, thy blessing add,
To what our ears have heard;
Pardon what thou hast seen amiss;
The truth, let be rever'd.
- 2 May every soul improve
Thy messages of grace,
Before our time shall cease to be,
And we shall end our race.
- 3 Keep us from every harm,
Especially from sin;
Direct us in the way of peace,
And safe to glory bring.

220. S. M. HART.

- 1 Once more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;

Record his mercies, every heart,
Sing, every tongue, the same.

- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on, and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

HYMNS ON BAPTISM.

221. L. M.

- 1 COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died and rose again for you,
What more could the Redeemer do?
- 2 We to this place are come, to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the paths he trod before.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

222. LEELAND.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, if your hearts are warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are priz'd,
Rise, believe and be baptiz'd.
- 2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse to mortals due;

- Children prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.
- 3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dress;
If the Saviour's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.
- 4 Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the foul;
Fire and water both agree—
Winter, soldiers, never flee.
- 5 Every season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere;
When the storm prevents your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.
- 6 Read his sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray;
Meditate his law by night,
This will give you great delight.

223. C. M.

The believer constrained by the love of Christ, to follow him.

- 1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd?

Didst thou the great example lead,
 In Jordan's swelling flood?
 And shall my pride disdain the deed,
 That's worthy of my God?

4 Dear Lord, the ardor of thy love
 Reproves my cold delays;
 And now my willing footsteps move
 In thy delightful ways.

224. L. M. WATTS.

Believers buried with Christ in baptism.—Rom. vi. 3, &c.

- 1 DO we not know that solemn word,
 That we are buri'd with the Lord;
 Baptis'd unto his death, and then,
 Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our soul receives diviner breath,
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death.
 So from the grave did Christ arise,
 And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
 Over our mortal flesh again;
 The various lusts we served before,
 Shall have dominion now no more.

225. L. M.

The Candidates; they were baptised, both men and women.—Acts, viii. 12.

- 1 GREAT God, we in thy courts appear,
 With humble joy and holy fear,
 Thy wise injunctions to obey;
 Let saints and angels hail the day.

- 2 Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things for us thy grace has done;
Constrain'd by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.
- 4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be deny'd;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?
- 5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name:
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Sion as our home.

226. L. M.

The Administrator.

- 1 "GO, teach the nations and baptise,"
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries;
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted to his grace alone.
- 3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
O, bless them with peculiar grace;
Refresh their souls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them shine.

227. C. M. BEDDOME.

*Morning before baptism; or at the water side.—Psalm
cxix. 23.*

- 1 HOW great, how solemn is the work,
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 O, may we feel, as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart;
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our every smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise,
Be exercised again;
And nurtur'd by celestial power,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy;
Vain world be gone, let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,
To all around we own,
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

228. FAWCETT.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

- 1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation,
Through the lambs redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
Flee to him, your only Saviour;
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, "let each believer
Be baptised in my name;
He himself, in Jordan's river,
Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.
View the right with understanding;
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

229. L. M. STENNETT.

- 1 SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod,

- And follow through his liquid grave,
The meek, the lowly Son of God!
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire;
Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd,
They shine in clean and bright attire!
- 3 O sacred right! by thee the name
Of Jesus we to own begin;
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
- 4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men;
Let saints on earth and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud amen.

230. L. M. STENNETT.

- THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save;
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave!
- 2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness," he meekly said;
Why should we, then, to do his will,
Or be asham'd, or be afraid?
- 3 With thee unto thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
To lie interr'd by such a Friend;
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way
To let us see the light again:

So, on the resurrection day,
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.

- 5 Thus when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide,
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

231. C. M. STENNETT.

Immersion.

- 1 THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd,
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptis'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

232. C. M. STENNETT.

- 1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all, admire, that I
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 I, that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cried,
"The feast was made for you:
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose and triumph'd too."
- 5 With trembling faith, and bleeding heart,
Lord, we accept thy love;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;

Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

233. C. M. STENNETT.

My flesh is meat indeed.—John vii. 53—55.

- 1 HERE, at thy table, Lord we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 The bitter torments he endur'd,
Upon the shameful cross,
For us, his welcome guests, procur'd
These heart-reviving joys.
- 4 His body, torn with rudest hands,
Becomes the finest bread;
And with the blessings he commands,
Our noblest hopes are fed.
- 5 His blood that from each opening vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,
That cheers both God and man.
- 6 Sure, there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine;
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

- 7 Yes thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all;
With life itself, I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

234. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Room at the Gospel feast.—Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is this house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
E'er fill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;

Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

235. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's dying love; or, our pardon bought at a dear price.

- 1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.
- 6 Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he died,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.

- 7 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.
- 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

236. C. M. WATTS.

Divine love making a feast, and calling in the guests.—
Luke xiv, 17, 22-3.

- 1 HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"
- 4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweatly forc'd us in;

Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perished in our sin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God!

Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

237. S. M. WATTS.

Communion with Christ, and with Saints.

1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

1 JESUS invites his saints

To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace;
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine,
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death,

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first born Son.

- 5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our powers be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

238. L. M. WATTS.

The Lord's Supper instituted, — 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

- 1 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes;
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread and blest, and brake; .
What love through all his actions ran!
What wonderous words of Grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;
Then took the cup and blest the wine,
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head,
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When, for blackcrimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.

- 6 "Do this (he cried) till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."
- 7 Jesus thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

239. C. M. WATTS.

Pardon brought to our senses.

- 1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says that "I am his,
And my Beloved's mine."
- 3 "Here," says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side;
"See here the spring of all your joys,
That opened when I died!"
- 4 He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain;
"All this," says he, "I bore for thee,"
And then he smiles again.
- 5 What shall we pay our heavenly King,
For grace so vast as this?

He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

- 6 Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favors are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.

To him that washed us in his blood,
Be everlasting praise;
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.

240. C. M. WATTS.

*The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin, and
death, and hell.*

- 1 Come let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the sons above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell;
- 3 Jesus, the God, invites us here,
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down,
For each redeeming guest.
- 4 The Lord, how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O! what melting words he says,
To every humble ear!

- 5 "For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I died;
Behold my hand, behold my feet,
And look into my side.
- 6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.
- 7 "Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
And plung'd it in my heart,
Infinite pangs for you I bore,
And most tormenting smart.
- 8 When hell and all its spiteful powers,
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.

241. L. M. STEELE.

Communion with Christ, at his table:

- 1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd,)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet, while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,

- O, let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope and joy to every heart.

242. C. M. HART.

- 1 That doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his latest breath,
This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 To keep thy feast, Lord are we met,
And to remember thee;
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
For me he died, for me.
- 3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings,
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.
- 4 O, tune our tongues, and set and frame
Each heart that pants to thee
To sing "hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me."

243. L. M. STTELE.

A dying Saviour.

- 1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred, crimson tide.
- 2 But life attends the death-bell sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O, why for man, dear Saviour why?
- 4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

244. C. M. STEELE.

An invitation to the Gospel feast.—Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown;

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come.
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

245. C. M. WATTS.

*Assurance of heaven; or a saint prepared to die.—**2 Tim. iv. 6—8, 18.*

- 1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me,
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design,
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise — *Amen.*

246. C. M. WATTS.

A funeral thought.

- 1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll raise above the sky.

247. C. M. WATTS.

The death and burial of a saint.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?

- There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And solten'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints ascend the skies.

248. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

- 1 Why should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

249. C. M. WATTS.

Death and eternity.

- 1 STOOPE down, my thoughts, that us'd to
 rise,
 Converse a while with death;
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs freely down,
 His pulses faint and few;
 Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
 He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But Oh! the soul that never dies,
 At once it leaves the clay;
 Yet thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
 It mounts, triumphing there;
 Or devils plunge it down to hell,
 In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die?
 And must this soul remove?
 O, for some guardian angel nigh,
 To bear it safe above!
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
 My naked soul I trust;

And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

250. C. M. WATTS.

A thought of death and glory.

- 1 MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow, gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 O, could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How we should scorn those cloths of flesh,
These fetters, and this load;
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

251. C. M. STEELE.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity may demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful power—*I too must die—*
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's surprising hour.

252. C. M. HART.

- 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent, thy end is nigh;

Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
O, think before you die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call the hence,
To heaven or to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there:
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day, the Gospel calls to-day;
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood;
How vile soe'er he be,
Abundant pardon, peace with God,
All given entirely free.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

253. L. M.

- 1 TO distant lands thy Gospel send,
and thus thy empire wide extend;
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Thou King of grace salvation shew.
- 2 Where'er thy sun or light arise,
Thy name, O God, immortalize;
May nations yet unborn confess
Thy wisdom, power and righteousness.

254. C. M.

*The increase of the Church promised and pleaded—
Psalm ii. 8.*

- 1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 "Ask, and I'll give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own,
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?
- 4 When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark, bewilder'd race,

Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

- 5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues
Under th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption, given?
- 6 From east to west, from north to south;
Then be his name ador'd;
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy Lord.
- 7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore, his fame;
And thou, America, in songs,
Redeeming love proclaim.

255. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy grater love has sent
Thy Gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 O, when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,

- And vassals, long enslav'd, become
The freedmen of the Lord?
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribe,
A dark, bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and see his grace?
- 6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove.
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the Gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

256. L. M.

Longing for the latter day glory.

- 1 **HOW** many years has man been driven
Far off from happiness and heaven?
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wandring church to roam no more?
- 2 Six thousand years are nearly past,
Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
And ever since, his fallen race,
From age to age are void of grace.
- 3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free.
And keep th' eternal jubilee?

- 4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land,
Send thou thine angels, and command,
"Go, sound deliverance; loudly blow
Salvation to the saints below."
- 5 We want to have the day appear,
The promis'd great sabbatic year,
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- 6 Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong requests;
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.



FASTING AND PRAYER.

257. L. M. NEWTON.

Confession and prayer.

- 1 OH! may the power that melts the rock
Ae felt by all assembled here,
Or else our service will but mock
The God whom we profess to fear.
- 2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee;
We own thy just, uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.
- 3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care
On this indulg'd, ungrateful spot!

- While other nations, far and near,
Have envied and admir'd our lot.
- 5 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious Gospel brightly shone;
And oft our enemies have felt,
That God has made our cause his own.
- 4 But ah! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love;
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
Rebels against his goodness prove.
- 6 His grace despis'd, his power defied,
And legions of the blackest crimes;
Profaneness, riot, lust and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.
- 7 The Lord, displeas'd, has rais'd his rod;
Ah! where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?
- 8 Lord hear thy people every where,
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

258. C. M.

For a public fast.

- 1 SEE gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and is Columbia spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O, make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "forbear."
- 4 What land so favor'd of the skies,
As these apostate States!
Our numerous crimes increasing rise,
Yet still thy vengeance waits!
- 5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference, down
To everlasting fire.
- 7 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 8 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

259. C. M.

A hymn for a fast-day.—Gen. xviii. 23-33.

- 1 WHEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?
- 4 Columbia, guilty as she is,
Her numerous saints can boast;
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?
- 6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land,
Forsake us not, O God.

260. L. M. President DAVIES.

*National judgments deprecated, and national mercies
pleaded.—Amos iii. 1-6.*

- 1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord
We view the terrors of thy sword,

Oh! whether shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

- 2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See! we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O, spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted there.
- 5 We plead thy grace indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down,
On guilty lands to helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

261. L. M.

The People's prayer for their Minister.

- 1 WITH sovereign power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send;
O, guide him, save him to the end.
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn, may praise,
The wonders of redeeming grace.

262. L. M.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, your Master dear,
O ye, his servants, whom he sends
To preach the Gospel far and near,
E'en to the world's remotest ends:
- 2 Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

- 3 Convince a world of sinners blind,
And show them where their danger lies;
The broken-hearted careful bind,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 4 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
Yet harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your whole deportment show,
That your commission's from above.
- 5 And as you freely have received,
E'en so to others freely give;
So shall your message be believ'd,
And many dying sinners live.



CHURCH MEETINGS.

263. C. M. J. L. HOLMAN.

- 1 LORD, in thy presence here we meet,
May we in thee be found;
O, make the place divinely sweet;
O, let thy grace abound.
- 2 To-day the order of thy house
We would in peace maintain;
We would renew our solemn vows,
And heavenly strength regain.
- 3 Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart,
Our faith and hope increase;

Display thy love in every heart,
And keep us all in peace.

4 Let no discordant passions rise,
To mar the work of love;
But hold us in those heavenly ties,
That bind the saints above.

5 With harmony and union blest,
That we may own to thee,
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis,
When brethren all agree.

6 May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do,
May glorify thy name.

7 May every heart be now prepar'd
To do thy high commands,
And may the pleasure of the Lord
Be prosper'd in our hands.

8 Of those who thy salvation know,
Add to our feeble few;
And may that holy number grow,
Like drops of morning dew.

9 Work in us by thy gracious sway,
And make thy work appear,
That all may feel, and all may say,
The Lord indeed is here.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

264. C. M. WATTS.

A morning hymn.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun.
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

265. S. M.

A morning hymn.

- 1 SEE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray!
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.
- 4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?
- 5 O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.
- 6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.
- 7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

266. C. M. DR. TURNER.

A morning hymn.

- 1 WITH thee, great God, the stores of light,
And stores of darkness, lie;
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.
- 2 And when with welcome slumbers press'd
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.
- 3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
Their long, eternal doom,
And lost the joys of morning light,
In death's tremendous gloom.
- 4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.
- 5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise:
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

267. C. M. WATTS.

A hymn for morning and evening.

- 1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

- 2 That was a most amazing power,
That rais'd us with a word,
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To take our lives away.
- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light,
Our joy and safety brings?
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

268. C. M. WATTS.

An evening song.

- 1 DREAD Sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;

And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around;
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

269. L. M.

An evening hymn.

1 Great God to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise,
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart?
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this best hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

270. C. M.

An evening hymn.

- 1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favor, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desires.
- 4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1. NEWTON.

The Prodigal Son. Luke xv. 11—24.

- 1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relenting felt,
Till he had spent his store;
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
- 4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd; but O, forgive."
"I've heard enough," he said:
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again;
Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinner's home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

2. C. M. DR. WATTS' SERMONS.

Holy Fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

3

1. ARISE my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
2. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O forgive the cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
3. The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
1. My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for a child,
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

4

The awakened Sinner.

- 1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go;
O'erwhelm'd in sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell;
For death and hell drew near.
I strove indeed, but strove in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head;
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth increas'd my pain;
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, unwieldy load;
Alas! I read, and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell.
And broke the fowler's snare;

Yet when I found this truth remain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 I sunk in deep despair.

- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
 And felt his pity move;
 The sinner by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew;
 The angels tuned their harps anew,
 And lofty notes did raise;
 All hail, the Lamb that once was slain!
 Unnumber'd millions born again,
 Still shout thine endless praise.

5. NEWTON.

I will trust and not be afraid.

- 1 **BEGONE** unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear;
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken will surely prevail.

- 3 His love in times past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me
quite through.
- 4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my
path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with
death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his
name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to
shame?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his
word,
Though much tribulation must follow their
Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners
might live;
His way was much rougher and darker
than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medi'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease be-
fore long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's
song!

6

- 1 BRETHREN, farewell, I do you tell,
Since you and I must part,
I go away, and here you stay;
But still we join in heart.
- 2 Your love to me has run most free,
Your conversation sweet;
How can I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet?
- 3 Yet I do find my heart inclin'd
To do my work below;
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready for to go.
- 4 I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from death and grave,
And shield you from all harms.
- 5 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
(And keep your garments white,)
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.
- 6 If you die first, amen, you must;
The will of God be done;
I hope the Lord will you reward,
With an immortal crown.
- 7 If I'm called home, while I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King
Through all eternity.

- 8 Millions of years over the spheres.
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauties bright unto my sight
Their sacred sweets disclose.
- 9 I long to go, then farewell woe,
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heavenly feast.

7. LEE LAND.

- 1 BRETHREN, we have met again,
Let us join to pray and sing;
Joseph lives and Jesus reigns,
Praise him in the highest strains.
- 2 Many days and weeks are past,
Since we met before, the last;
Yet our lives do still remain,
Here on earth we meet again.
- 3 Many of our friends are gone,
To their long, eternal home;
They have left us here below;
Soon we after them shall go.
- 4 Brethren, tell me how you do;
Does your love continue true?
Are you waiting for your king,
When he shall return again?
- 5 If you wish to know of me,
How I do, or what I be,
Here I am, behold who will,
Surely I'm imperfect still.

- 6 Weak and helpless blind and lame,
All unholy, all unclean,
Much as ever, all may see;
Yet the Lord remembers me.
- 7 Gracious is the Lord, indeed,
To my soul, in time of need;
Surely he hath won my heart,
May I chose him for my part.
- 8 Jesus is our glorious King,
May our hearts be tun'd to sing;
Praise him, love him evermore,
He is the God whom we adore.

8

The Jubilee.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 5 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your saviour's face.

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 6 Jesus, our great high priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad.

The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

9.

Rejoicing in hope.

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise.
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad,
 Christ our advocate is made;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord, submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

10.

- 1 COME, all ye weary pilgrims, who see your
 need of Christ,
 Surrounded by temptations, and by the
 world despis'd,
 Attend to what I tell you, my exercise I'll
 show,
 And then you may inform me, if it be so
 with you.
- 2 Long time I liv'd in darkness, nor saw my
 dangerous state,
 And when I was awaken'd, I thought it was
 too late:

A lost and helpless sinner, myself I plainly
saw,
Expos'd to God's displeasure, condemned
by his law.

3 I thought the brute creation were better off
than me;

I spent my days in anguish, no pleasure
could I see;

Thro' deep distress and sorrow my Saviour
led me on,

Reveal'd to me his love, when my hopes
were almost gone.

4 When first I was delivered, I scarcely could
believe

That I, so vile a sinner, such favors should
receive;

Although his solemn praises were flowing
from my tongue,

Yet fears were oft suggested, that still I
might be wrong.

5 But soon those fears were banish'd and
tears began to flow,

To think so vile a sinner should be beloved
so!

I thought my trials over, and all my troubles
gone;

Tha joy, and peace, and pleasure, should
be my lot alone.

- 6 But now I find a warfare, which often brings
me low,
The world, the flesh, and Satan, they do
beset me so.
Can one who is a Christian, have such a
heart as mine?
I fear I never felt the effects of love divine.
- 7 When I behold young converts, how swift
they travel on;
How shining their examples, their witness
like the sun;
How bold they speak for Jesus, how dear
they love his name;
Though they are my delight, yet they fill
my soul with shame.
- 8 I often find I'm backward to do my Master's
will,
Or else I want the glory of what I do fulfil;
In duty I am weak, and alas! I often find
A hard, deceitful heart, and a wretched
wandering mind.
- 9 Sure others do not feel what is often felt by
me;
Such trials and temptations perhaps they
never see;
For I'm the chief of sinners, I freely own
with Paul,
Or if I am a saint, sure I am the least of all.

10 And now I have related what trials I have
seen,
Perhaps my brethren know what such sore
temptations mean;
I've told you of my conflicts, believe, my
friends, 'tis true,
And now you may inform me if it be thus
with you.

11.

1 COME, all ye weary travellers, come, let us
join and sing,
The everlasting praise of Jesus Christ, our
King.
We've had a tedious journey, and tiresome
'tis true;
But see how many dangers the Lord hath
brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us, he call'd us
unto him,
And pointed out the danger of falling into
sin;
The world, the flesh, and Satan, to us
would prove a snare,
Unless we did reject them by faith and hum-
ble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience, with sorrow we
confess,
We have had long to wander in a dark wil-
derness

Where we might all have fainted, in that
enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster of pleasant
grapes we found.

- 4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan give life, and
joy and peace,
Revive our drooping spirits, and strength
and love increase,
To confess our Lord and Master, and run at
his command,
And hasten on our journey unto the prom-
is'd land.

- 5 In faith, and hope, and patience, we're
made for to rejoice;
And Jesus and his people forever are our
choice.

In peace and consolation we now are going
on,

The narrow way to Canaan, where Jesus
Christ is gone.

- 6 Sinners, why stand you idle, as we do march
along?

Hath conscience never told you, that you
are going wrong,

Down the broad road to ruin, to bear an
endless curse?

Forsake your ways of sinning, and come
and go with us.

- 7 But if you will refuse it, we must bid you
farewell;

We're on the way to Canaan, and you the
road to hell.

- We're sorry for to leave you, and rather
you would go;
Come, try a bleeding Saviour, and see the
waters flow.
- 8 O sinners be awaken'd, to see your wretch-
ed state;
Repent and be converted, before it be too
late.
Turn to the Lord by praying, and daily
search his word,
And never rest contented until you find the
Lord.
- 9 Now, to the King immortal be everlasting
praise;
And in his holy service we long to spend
our days,
Till we arrive at Canaan, th' celestial world
above,
There in eternal raptures, to praise redeem-
ing love.

12.

- 1 COME, all you who ever have mercy ob-
tain'd,
The hopes of salvation and pardon re-
gain'd;
Come, and join in an anthem, let praises
resound,
And tell all around you what treasures
you've found.

- 2 When sin, like a mountain of guilt and of
weight,
My soul fill'd with horror, to view her sad
state;
On the banks of destruction, bewailing my
case,
4 No hopes of obtaining the favors of grace:
3 Alone in the valley I roll'd in despair,
Where no mortal being my sorrows could
hear;
Like a wretch in distraction, to horror con-
sign'd,
No hopes that I ever my Saviour could find:
4 When deeply bewailing, quite lost and un-
done,
To think what a distance from God I had
run,
Whose mercy preserv'd me, and kept me
from hell,
Behold, what wonder no mortal can tell!
5 When crying for mercy, all prostrate
dust,
If damn'd, I must own my sentence is just,
Till a voice bid me hearken, my sorrows to
cease,
Thy sins are forgiven, arise, go in peace.
6 Like a captive deliver'd from bondage and
pain,
Who long in a dungeon of darkness had
lain;

Whilst the woods and the valleys with
praises did ring,

All glory to Jesus, my Priest and my King.

7 Adieu to the world and its foolish delights,
No longer your pleasure my passion invites;
No, I'll follow my Jesus, who freedom can
give;

I am bound for to praise him as long as I
live.

13.

1 COME, brethren and sisters, and hear me
relate,

And I will inform you of my present state:
Though often I've called sweet Jesus my
own,

I now feel dejected like one left alone.

2 How backward in duty, how lifeless I be!
The smiles of my Saviour, how seldom I
see!

I scarcely in Zion can raise a sweet song,
My harp on the willows now seems to be
hung.

3 I know prayer's a duty I owe to the Lord;
It is enjoined on me in his only Word:
But when I attempt it I've no heart to pray,
My thoughts are so wand'ring, and often
astray.

4 When I read the scriptures, instruction to
gain,

'Tis but a small portion that I can retain;

- They seem so mysterious, so dark to my
view,
I can't understand them as I wish to do.
- 5 In all my performance how short I do fall!
I'm pining, I languish, and barren withal;
I seem like a tree that incumbers the
ground,
The leaves make appearance, but no fruit
is found.
- 6 My moments are lonesome, small comfort I
find:
Dark clouds hover o'er me, and darkness
my mind;
The cold dreary winter with tempest doth
blow;
I'm chill'd with the cold, and in darkness I
go.
- 7 Disperse this thick darkness, O Jesus, my
friend,
And cause this cold winter in summer to
end;
Thy soul-cheering presence to me now re-
store,
And give me my harp from the willows
once more.

14.

- 1 COME, brethren and sisters, that love my
dear Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word:

What a wonder of mercy! behold now, and
see

What a tender, kind saviour has done for
poor me.

2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distress'd,
I thought that in torment I soon should be
cast;

No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for
me.

3 "O sinners," said Jesus, "for you I have
died;"

All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied;
The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice,
The blood was applied, the witnessing
voice.

4 On my bending knees, before God I did
fall—

All glory to Jesus for he's all in all!
The heart of this rebel was bursted in
twain,

To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace
upon earth;

The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth;
"Your sins are forgiven," my Saviour did
say;

O, witness, kind heaven, on this my birth
day

- 6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground
The time of refreshing, at length I have
found;
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy
charms;
Let me die, like old Simeon, with Christ in
my arms.

15

- 1 COME, children of heaven, and help us to
sing,
Loud anthems and praises to Jesus our
King;
His life, it was given, our souls to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, to dwell there with
him.
- 2 Not angels in glory, nor cherubs above,
Can fathom the fountain of infinite love;
Their wisdom can't search it, they cannot
tell why
The Sovereign of angels for sinners should
die.
- 3 In the regions of darkness, death, sorrow,
and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison, and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious
blood,
'Tis a ransom provided to bring us to God.
- 4 Why then should we wish to stay here be-
low,
When rivers of pleasure in Paradise flow

- Eternally streaming in exquisite bliss,
 And still we are feeling our joy to increase?
- 5 Then come, my dear brethren, count all
 things but loss;
 Your treasures in heaven, don't shrink from
 the losses;
 Ye fav'rites of heaven, dear lambs of the
 fold,
 Though devils surround you, be faithful
 and bold.
- 6 Consider the dangers that lie in your way,
 What snares and temptations in this evil
 day;
 But this we must suffer, and patient endure,
 Till Jesus shall take us where dangers are
 o'er.
- 7 Then with him in glory we shortly shall
 reign,
 Deliver'd from sorrows, temptation and
 pain;
 To join with the angels and spirits divine,
 In Jesus's image eternally shine.

16

- 1 COME, friends and relations, let's join heart
 and hand,
 The voice of the truth is heard in our land;
 Let's all walk together, and follow the
 sound,
 And march to the place where redemption
 is found.

- 2 The place it is hidden, the place is conceal'd
The place it is hidden, until 'tis reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and
 woe.
- 3 The place it is hidden, by reason of sin,
Although you can't see the sad state you are
 in;
You are blinded, polluted, in prison and
 pain,
O, how can such rebels redemption obtain?
- 4 And if you are wounded and bruise'd by
 the fall,
Then up and be doing, for you he doth call;
And if you are tempted to doubt or despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is
 there.
- 5 And you, my dear brethren, that love my
 dear Lord,
Who've witness'd free pardon by faith in
 his word,
Let patience attend you, wherever you be;
Your Saviour has purchas'd redemption for
 thee.
- 6 And when the archangel the trumpet shall
 sound,
And wake all the dead that sleep under
 ground,

The sound of that trumpet will bid you
arise,
To meet your redemption with love and
surprise.

7 O! then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies re-
lieve;

Then we shall be perfect, and we shall be
free;

We'll sing of redemption wherever we be.

8 Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from
death,

Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from
the earth,

Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from
all woe,

We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.

9 Redeemed from sin, and redeem'd from
distress,

The fruits of redemption no tongue can ex-
press.

Redemption be ascribed to Jesus's love;

We'll sing of redemption in the heavens
above.

17

1 COME, now, my dear brethren, I bid you
farewell,

I'm going to travel the way to excell;

I'm going to travel the wilderness through,

Therefore, my dear brethren, I bid you
adieu.

- 2 To think of our parting, doth cause me to
grieve,
So well I do love you, yet you I must leave;
My Jesus commands me, and I must obey,
Therefore, my dear brethren, don't grieve
after me.
- 3 May heaven protect you, be Jesus your
guide;
In the way of our Zion, may you all abide;
Though we live at a distance, and you I
ne'er see,
On the banks of sweet Canaan acquainted
we'll be.
- 4 There all things are pleasant—how lovely
serene,
And the parting of Christians no more will
be seen;
No troubles nor trials shall enter that place,
But there we shall join in a song of free
grace.
- 5 Farewell to all sorrow, temptation and pain,
I'm going where Jesus forever doth reign;
I'm going to Jesus, 'tis him I adore,
With saints and bright angels to dwell ever-
more.
- 6 And when we meet Jesus in the mansions
above,
Where angels in glory are fill'd with his
love,

O, then I shall look for those mourners that's
here;
How glad we shall be, to meet each
other there.

18

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

- 1 COME, poor sinner, come and see,
All thy strength is found in me;
I am waiting to be kind,
To relieve this troubled mind.
- 2 Dost thou feel thy sins a pain?
Look to me, and ease obtain;
All my fulness thou may'st share,
And be always welcome here.
- 3 Boldly come, why dost thou fear?
I possess a gracious ear;
I will never tell the nay,
While thou hast a heart to pray.
- 4 Try the freeness of my grace,
Sure 'twill suit thy trying case;
Mourning souls shall ne'er complain,
Having sought my face in vain.
- 5 Knock and cast all doubt behind;
Seek, and thou shalt surely find;
Ask, and I will give thee peace,
And thy confidence increase.
- 6 Will not this encourage thee,
Vile and poor to come to me?
Sure, thou canst not doubt my will;
Come and welcome, sinner, still.

- 1 COME sisters and brothers, who love one another,
And have loved for years that are gone;
How oft have we met in that sweet heavenly union,
That opens the way to God's throne;
With joy and thanksgiving we'll praise him who loved us,
While we're on the bright shining way;
Though we part in body, we're bound for one glory,
And bound for each other to pray.
- 2 There's Jesse and Joseph, Elias and Moses,
That pray'd, and God heard from his throne:
There's Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and David,
And Solomon, Stephen and John;
There's Simeon and Anna, and I don't know how many,
That pray'd as they journey'd along;
Some cast among lions, some bound with rough irons,
Yet praises and glory they sing.
- 3 Some tell us that praying and also that praising;
Is labor that's all spent in vain;
But we have such witness, that God is all Goodness,
From praying we will not refrain.

There's old father Noah, and ten thousand
more,

Can witness that God heard them pray;
There's Samuel and Hannah, Paul, Silas
and Peter,

And Daniel and Jonah, will say

4 That God, by his Spirit, and angels, did
visit,

Their souls, when to him they did pray;
And should we go fainting, while they went
on praying,

And glorifying God in the way?
Lord, grant us to inherit that same praying
spirit,

While we are sojourning below,
That when we're done praying, we shall not
cease praising,

But around his white throne we shall
bow.

20 BIGGS' COLLECTION.

1 COME, soldiers of Jesus, attend to the
way,

The christians should always their Saviour
obey;

Tho' flesh should be backward, and duty
seem hard,

The pilgrims should study to follow their
Lord.

The way he has shown us, must surely be
true;

He'll be with his children and bring them
safe through.

2 He came as a Priest for us to atone,
Unites us unto him, and makes us his own;
And shall he such blessings on rebels be-
stow,

And we not obey him, and follow him too?

O Christians, your Jesus done great things
for you;

Come take up your cross, and follow thou
me.

3 When he was about his disciples to leave,
A lasting commission unto them he gave;
Go, teach all the nations, and they that be-
lieve;

Obedient should act, and baptism receive;
Observe my commandments, and come after
me,

And I will protect and be with you alway.

4 The apostles attended to what he had done,
Continued baptising the way he had shown;
And this is the cause I am found in this way;
I do it, my Saviour, my Friend to obey.
Come Christians, the Saviour's done great
things for you,

O, take up your crosses and follow him too.

- 5 Come Christians, your Jesus will shortly
appear,
To meet all his children who love him sin-
cere;
Come, let us be marching and duty attend,
In the river of Jordan your Saviour was
seen;
And as he came out of the watery tomb,
The Father approved of what Jesus had
done.
- 6 The Spirit descended, to witness the scene,
It came like a dove, and did light upon him;
The voice proclaimed the Father well
pleased,
The Gospel is come and his anger appeased.
O Christians, your Saviour in Jordan to
stand!
Come follow his footsteps and keep his com-
mand.
- 7 Tho' friends should oppose you, your way
to retard,
Be steadfastly looking to Jesus your Lord;
Through all the sore trials and crosses you
bear,
Look up to your Leader, be often in prayer;
And when you this world of all sorrow
shall leave,
The Saviour you follow, your souls will re-
ceive.

21 ROBINSON.

Ebenezer.—1 Sam. vii, 12.

- 1 COME thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount, O fix me on it;
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy grace I've come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God,
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

22 HART, ALTERED BY TOPLADY.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.—Isaiah, iv, 1.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;

- Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with power;
He is able, he is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Come ye thirsty, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance;
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money, come to Jesus Christ and
buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him,
This he gives you, 'tis his Spirit's rising
beam.
- 4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to
call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finish'd;" sinner will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo, th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;

None but Jesus can do helpless sinner
good.

- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah, sinners here may sing the same

23.

- 1 DEAR Jesus, here comes and knocks at th
door,
A beggar for crumbs, distressed and poor
Blind, lame, and forsaken, all rolled in blood
At length overtaken, while running from
God.
- 2 To ask children's bread I dare not presume
But Lord, to be fed with fragments I come
Some crumbs from thy table, O let me ob
tain,
For sure thou art able my soul to sustain.
- 3 I own I deserve no favour to see;
I hated thy cause, and wandered from thee
Till brought by the Spirit my follies t
mourn,
Now, stripp'd of all merit, to thee do I come
- 4 Great God, my desert is nothing but death
From thee to depart forever in wrath:
Yet, Lord to the city of refuge I flee;
O, let thine eye pity a sinner like me.

- 5 For since thou hast said, thou wilt cast out
none,
Who flee to thine aid as sinners undone,
I come, precious Jesus, condemned to die,
And on thy sweet promise would humbly
rely.
- 6 Nor can I depart, dear Jesus, nor yield,
Till feels my poor heart thy promise fulfilled;
That I may forever a monument be,
To praise thee, dear Saviour of sinners like
me.

24. TOPLADY.

Faith fainting.

- 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine.
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I.
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice?
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries,
My groaning that cannot be told.

- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
 My hold of thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep.
 While harrass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,
 "The Lord has forsaken thee quite,
 Thy God will be gracious no more."
- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath designed
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find,
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
 Almighty to rescue, thou art;
 Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
 Come, succor and gladden my heart,
 Let this be the day of thy power.

25. NEWTON.

The beggar.—Matt. vii, 7—8.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word,
 Of promise to the poor,
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door,
 No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
 Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
 Relief from men to gain,
 If offer'd unto thee,
 I know thou wouldst disdain;
 And pleas, which move thy gracious ear,
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.

- 3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day,
When I possessed more;
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My wants have been but few;
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend,
I never begg'd before;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more;
Thou often hast relieved my pain,
And often must I come again.
- 6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy;
O, do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be,
Thy bounty to conceal,
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

- 8 Thy thoughts, thou Only Wise!
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend;
Such pleas as mine, men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

26.

- 1 FAREWELL, loving Christians, the time is
at hand,
When we must be parted from this social
band;
Our several engagement do call us away;
Separation is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a
while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence
smile;
But when we are parted and scattered
abroad,
We'll pray for each other, when wrestling
with God.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be
discharged;
The war's almost over, the crown is en-
larg'd;
With singing and shouting, though Jordan
may roar,
You'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the
shore.

- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who have listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Although you must travel this dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to rest.
- 5 The world, and the devil, and hell all unite,
And bold persecutors may try to affright;
But Jesus fights for you, he's stronger than they;
Let this animate you to march on your way.
- 6 Farewell seeking mourner, ye broken in heart,
Go, go to the Saviour, and choose the good part,
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save;
His arms are extended, your souls he'll receive.
- 7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you I do mourn,
To think of your danger and great unconcern;
You've heard of the judgment where all must appear,
There, there you'll stand trembling with tormenting fear.
- 8 Your frolics and pastimes, to which you delight,
Will serve to torment you in that dread affright;

- You'll think of the sermons that you've
 heard in vain,
 When hope's gone forever of hearing again.
- 9 Farewell fellow travellers: farewell, all
 around;
 Should we never meet, till we wake under
 ground,
 To meet you in glory, I give you my hand,
 The Saviour to praise, in a pure, social
 band.

27.

- 1 FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
 The Gospel sounds a jubilee;
 My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud,
 From land to land, from sea to sea.
 And as I preach, from place,
 I'll trust alone in God's free grace.
- 2 Farewell, in bonds and union dear,
 Like strings you twine about my heart;
 I only ask your earnest prayer,
 Till we shall meet, no more to part;
 Till we shall meet in worlds above,
 Encircled in eternal love.
- 3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
 Though all so kind and dear to me;
 My Jesus calls, and I must go,
 To sound the Gospel jubilee;
 To sound the joys and bear the news;
 To Gentile worlds and royal Jews.

- 4 Farewell, young people, one and all;
While God shall grant me breath to
breathe;
I'll pray to the eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live;
That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
To reign in bliss eternally.
- 5 Farewell to all below the sun,
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight, my feet shall run,
And God will keep me as I go;
And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promised land.
- 6 Farewell, farewell, I look above;
Jesus my guide, to thee I call;
My joy, my crown, and only love,
My safe-guard here, my only all;
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only joy in death—Amen.

28. L. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, vain world I am going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come,
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 2 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.
- 3 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death;

- I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 4 I soon shall pass the veil of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds!
- 6 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme to all eternity;
Shall glory, glory, glory, be.

29

Union.

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As distance nor time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground;
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends, now so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love,
Where Jesus is gone, I shall see,
In yonder blessed mansions above.

- 4 O, why then so loth for to part,
Since there we shall soon meet again?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the armies above;
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United in mansions of love.
- 6 With Jesus himself we shall reign,
His glory eternally see,
Singing halleljahs, amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

30

- 1 HARK! how the Gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds;
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners home to God;
And guides them safely by his word,
To endless day.
- 2 Hail, all victorious, conqu'ring Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts ador'd,
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign,
In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdoms have a share,

And crown of glory you shall wear,
In endless day.

Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through thy blood,
And sail by faith upon that flood,
To endless day.

5 Thro' storms and calms by faith we steer,
By feeble hope and gloomy fear;
Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more
We'll shout, our trials are all o'er,
To endless day.

8 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

31. NEWTON.

Lovest thou me? John xxi, 16.

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

- 3 "Can a woman's tender care,
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be—
Say, poor sinner, love'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore,
O, for grace to love thee more.

32

- 1 HARK! the jubilee is sounding,
O, the joyful news has come,
Free salvation is proclaimed,
In and through God's only Son.
Now we have an invitation,
To the meek and lowly lamb;
Glory, honour and salvation,
Christ the Lord, is come to reign.
- 2 Come dear friends, and don't neglect it:
Come to Jesus in your prime:
Great salvation, don't reject it;
O, receive it, now's your time;

Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his works again.
Glory, honor, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ, the Way;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray.
Golden moments we've neglected,
O, the time, we've spent in vain!
Glory, honor, &c.

4 Come let us run our race with patience
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign forever,
With his Father and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted King.
Glory, honor, &c.

5 Come dear children, praise your Jesus
Praise him, praise him evermore,
May his great love now constrain us,
His great name for to adore;
O, then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain.
Glory, honor, &c.

33.

HAIL, sov'reign Lord, who first began,
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
Which gave my soul a hiding place!

- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the mercies of his grace,
Refus'd to seek a hiding place.
- 3 I roll'd in thick Egyptian night,
Fonder of darkness than of light;
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.
- 4 But thus eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty power arrest the man;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Indignant Justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding place."
- 6 At length a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd,
Which led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus as my hiding place.
- 7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunder-bolts could daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 8 On him almighty vengeance fell,
Which might have sunk the world to hell:
He bore it for the sinful race,
And thus became a hiding place.
- 9 A few more rolling scenes at most,
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast,

Where I shall sing my song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.

34.

*Exceeding great and precious promise. 2 Peter i. 4;
Isaiah xli. 10.*

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath
said!
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the
sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be."
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
may'd;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

- 5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
fine.
- 6 "Even down to old age, all my people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be
borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for re-
pose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

35.

- 1 HOW happy are they, who their Saviour
obey,
Who have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort
and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That comfort was mine, when the favor di-
vine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;

When first I believ'd, O what joy I receiv'd!

What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below, my Jesus to know;
The angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long, was my joy and my song;

O, that all his salvation may see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried, he hath suffered
and died!

To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love I was carried
above

All sorrow, temptation, and pain;
I could not believe that I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 But where am I now? When was it, or
how,

That I fell from a sense of his grace?
I am brought into thrall, as if stripp'd of my
all,

And have lost the sweet smiles of his face.
Hardly yet do I know how I let my Lord
go,

So insensibly starting aside;
When the tempter came in, with his own
subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

- 8 To the fountain I'll go, which so freely did
flow
From the heart of my Lord, when he
died;
O, my Lord and my God, let the water and
blood
Be again to my conscience applied.
- 9 Never more would I stray from my Jesus,
my way,
But follow the Lamb till I die;
Let me take up my cross, and count all
things but loss,
Till I meet with my God in the sky.

36. NEWTON.

The good Physician.

- 1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases,
Is light compar'd with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combin'd;

And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3 From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every effort fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd
Then bid me look unto him;
I looked and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live!

37. C. M. NEWTON.

None upon earth I desire beside thee. Psalms lxxiii. 25.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers;

Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind.
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winter's so long!
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

38.

- 1 HOW happy, how loving, how joyful I feel,
I want to feel more love, yea, more love
and zeal;
I want my love perfect, I want my love pure,
That all things with patience I may well
endure.
- 2 I want to be little, more simple and mild,
More like my blest Master, and more like a
child;
More watchful, more prayerful, more lovely
in mind,
More humble, more gentle, more loving and
kind.
- 3 I want to love wisdom that comes from
above,
I want to be harmless, and more like a dove;
I want my light clear, that beholders may
see
How faith and good works in sweet union
agree.
- 4 My union I want with the Father and Son,
I want that perfected which now is begun;
That love and sweet union which soothes
every care,
And with my dear brethren all burdens to
bear.
- 5 My faith and my hope, my love and my zeal,
I want them recruited and never to fail,

- Rememb'ring at all times what Jesus did
say,
And set out anew, and begin every day.
- 6 My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,
Where no moth and no rust can ever corrupt;
Where no thief and no robber will venture
or dare,
My heart and my treasure I want to be
there.
- 7 O come, my dear brethren, both aged and
youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth,
Lets all join together in union and love,
And on our blest journey then joyful we'll
move.
- 8 When time is no more, and from earth we
remove,
To dwell in the regions of pure light and
love,
With Jesus, our Saviour, and all holy men,
We'll shout hallelujah forever, amen.

39. L. M.

- 1 I AM a stranger here below,
And what I am 'tis hard to know;
I am so vile, so prone to sin,
I fear that I'm not born again.
- 2 When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind,

All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me fear that I am wrong.

3 I find myself out of the way;
My thoughts are often gone astray;
Like one asleep I seem to be—
Oh! is there any one like me?

4 It's seldom I can ever see
Myself as I would wish to be;
What I desire I can't attain,
And what I hate, I can't refrain.

5 So far from God I seem to lie,
Which makes me often weep and cry;
I fear at last that I shall fall;
For if a saint, the least of all.

6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in my way;
Thus fill'd with doubts, I ask to know;
Come tell me, is it thus with you?

7 So, by experience I do know,
There's nothing good that I can do;
I cannot satisfy the law,
Nor hope nor comfort from it draw.

8 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost,
If not free grace, then I am lost.

40. HEWITT.

If I perish, I perish. Esther iv. 16.

- 1 If I perish, I will go,
Trembling, to the Saviour's feet;
Perhaps his favor he'll bestow,
Perhaps I may forgiveness meet.
- 2 If I perish, I will go;
He, perhaps, may pity me;
Unbelief still answers—no,
He will not, a wretch like thee.
- 3 If I perish, I will go;
Though I'm lost, I can but try;
Should he mercy never show,
Begging I will live and die.
- 4 If I perish, I must own
God is just to banish me;
But I'll venture near his throne,
For his pardons are all free.
- 5 If I perish—stay my fears;
Can I perish at his feet,
Who, to pay my great arrears,
Dies and lives my advocate?
- 6 Dearest Saviour let me live,
Stretch thy sceptre out to me;
All my sins, though great, forgive;
Speak the word and set me free.
- 7 Shall I perish, Satan? No;
'There's a new and living Way;
Fly then tempting, subtle foe,
Jesus will not tell me nay.

41. L. M.

- 1 I long to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To taste the sweets of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.
- 2 Hark! how the glorious gospel sounds,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Attend poor sinners to his word;
Trust him, yea, own him as your Lord;
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days and you must go
To realms of joy or endless woe;
In words of light, with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns, to hell.
- 5 Come then, dear sinners, counsel take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
The world give o'er, leave friends behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.
- 6 Take your companion by the hand,
And all your children in a band,
And give them up, at Jesus' call,
To pardon, bless and save them all.
- 7 Thus when the day of Christ shall come,
And he collect his children home;
On Zion's mount you then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

- 8 O, what a glorious company!
May I be there that sight to see;
And join in praise to Jesus' name,
All glorious in Jerusalem.

42.

- 1 I'VE listed in the holy war,
Content with suff'ring soldier's fare;
The banner o'er my head is love,
I draw my rations from above.
- 2 I've fought through many a battle sore,
And I must fight through many more;
I take my breast-plate, sword and shield,
And boldly march into the field.
- 3 The world, the flesh and Satan too,
Unite and strive what they can do;
On thee, O Lord, I humbly call,
Uphold me, or my soul must fall.
- 4 I've listed, and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put flight;
And when the victory I have won,
I'll give the praise to God alone.
- 5 Come, Fellow-Christians, join with me;
Come, face the foe, and never flee;
The heavenly battle is begun,
Come take the field and win the crown.
- 6 With listing orders I have come;
Come rich, come poor, come old or young;
Here's grace's bounty, Christ has given,
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.

- 7 Our Captain he is gone before,
And you may draw on grace's store;
But if you will not list and fight,
You sink into eternal night.

43.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus so glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis, that I should dread
To die and go from hence.
- 5 Reach down, reach down, thine arm of
grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone;
Him will I go and see;

- And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu;
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 There we shall meet, and no more part;
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in every heart,
Shall tune the song, Free Grace.
- 9 Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still go on,
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, Three in One.
- 10 When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright, shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

44.

- 1 JESUS, grant us all a blessing;
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.
- 2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;

Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

- 3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home;
And the presence of our Jesus,
Rest upon us every one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

45.

- 1 JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix'd my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief and burden long had been,
Oppress'd with unbelief and sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither souls, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;

My sinful self to thee I give,
O, help me to thy praise to live.

- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, behold the way to God!

46. C. M.

The Flower.

- 1 LOVE is the sweetest bud that blows;
Its beauty never dies,
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies.
- 2 Pure, glowing red, and spotless white,
Its perfect colors are:
In Jesus all its sweets unite,
And look divinely fair.
- 3 The finest flower that ever blow'd,
Opened on Calv'ry's tree
When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd,
or love of worthless me.
- 4 Its deepest hue, its richest smell,
No mortal sense can bear;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell,
How bright the colours are.
- 5 Earth could not hold so rich a flower,
Nor half its beauties show;
Nor could the world, and Satan's power,
Confine its sweets below.

- 6 On Canaan's banks, supremely fair,
This flower of wonders blooms,
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shores perfumes.
- 7 But not to Canaan's shores confined,
The seeds from which it blow,
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the Church below.
- 8 And soon on yonder banks above,
Shall every blossom here,
Appear, a full, ripe flower of love
Like him transplanted there.

47.

- 1 MIXTURES of joy and sorrow I daily pass
thro';
Sometimes I'm in the valley, then sinking
down with woe;
Sometimes I am exalted, on eagles' wings I
fly;
Rising above mount Pisgah, I almost reach
the sky.
- 2 Sometimes my hopes are little, I almost lay
them by;
Sometimes it is sufficient, if I were call'd to
die;
Sometimes I am in doubting and think I
have no grace;
Sometimes I am shouting, and Bethel is the
place.

- 3 Sometimes I shun the Christian, for fear
he'll talk to me;
Sometimes he is the neighbor I long the
most to see;
Sometimes we meet together in seasons dry
and dull;
Sometimes I find a blessing of joy, that fills
my soul.
- 4 Sometimes I am oppress'd by Pharoah's
cruel hand;
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan and view the
promis'd land;
Sometimes I am in darkness, and sometimes
in the light;
Sometimes my soul on wings of faith, as-
cends in lofty flight.
- 5 Sometimes I go in mourning down Baby-
lon's cold stream,
Sometimes my Lord's religion appears to
be my theme,
Sometimes when I am praying it almost
seems a task,
Sometimes I find a blessing the greatest I
can ask.
- 6 Sometimes I read my Bible, it seems a seal-
ed book:
Sometimes I find a blessing wherever I do
look;

Sometimes I go to meeting and wish I'd staid
at home;

Sometimes I find my Jesus, and then I gladly
come.

7 O, how I am thus tossed, thus tossed to and
fro!

How are my hopes thus crossed, wherever
I do go!

O Lord, thou never changest, it is because
I stray;

Lord, guide me by the Spirit, and keep me
in the way.

48.

1 My brethren and sisters I bid you farewell;
I'm sorry to leave you I love you so well;
All you that love Jesus the cross you must
bear,

And when you cross Jordan a crown you
shall wear.

2 My brethren and sisters that's joined in a
band,

Who feel love and friendship, come give me
your hand,

The time has arrived when we have to part,
In the name of Christ Jesus, here's my hand
and my heart.

3 Once more my dear brethren, I bid you fare-
well;

Be sure follow Jesus, who lov'd you so well,

On the top of Mount Calvary he was nail'd
to the wood,
From the spear and the nail holes came
water and blood.

4 The work it is finished, that he came to do,
The way of salvation is open to view;
The way it is open that leads on to God,
Come, now, and walk in it, 'tis marked out
with blood.

5 Perhaps there's some mourners that's come
here to-day,
Who feel a desire for them we should pray;
We'll pray for you mourners, come make
yourselves known,
And trust in th' Saviour, he calls you his
own.

6 If you should be faithful to your blessed
Lord,
A crown of bright glory shall be your re-
ward;
The song of salvation you then shall sing
loud,
When Christ and his angels shall come in a
cloud.

7 He'll call home his children, the price of his
blood,
The heirs of salvation, and joint heirs with
God;

We there hope to meet you on Canaan's
blest shore,
Where weeping, and sorrow, and parting's
no more.

49.

- 1 MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around their steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I am launched through boundless deeps
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near, the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly,
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That thou must groan and die.
- 3 My soul attend the solemn call;
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above, as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.
- 4 How great the bliss, how great the woe,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath!
The Lord of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

- 5 Long ere the sun shall run its round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot.
Alas! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name be quite forgot.
- 6 But will my soul be then extinct,
And cease to live and cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be.
No, my immortal cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?
- 7 Will mercy then her arms extend?
Will jesus be thy guardian friend?
And heaven thy dwelling place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear;
And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace?
- 8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known,
There is no middle state.
My soul attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.
- 9 O, do not pass this as a dream;
Vast is the change, what ere it seem
To poor unthinking man.
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience tell me plainly now,
What it would tell me then.

- 10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way,
That leads to joys on high.
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.

50. B. FRANCIS.

Supreme love to Christ.

- 1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell.
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 In Meshech, as yet I reside,
A darksome and restless abode;
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God.
O, when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,

For mansions celestial, and range
Thro' realms of ineffable day?

- 4 My glorious Redeemer, I long
To see the descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright, numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd;
O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on thee, world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love?
- 5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again;
Perfection of glory reigns there,
This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasure divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.
- 6 Ye palaces, sceptres and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlasting flows,
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

51.

- 1 My loving fellow travellers, who are to Canaan bound,
Let us raise a song for Jesus, make hills and valleys sound;
Tho' troubles do beset us, while in this barren place,
Yet Jesus will be with us, and keep us by his grace.
- 2 Infernal spirits tempt us, our souls they would beguile,
And worldlings persecute us, at us they laugh and smile,
The world would fain allure us, and bring us into thrall;
But glory be to Jesus, through him we'll conquer all.
- 3 Since we are so surrounded, our number seems but small,
Let us unite the closer to Jesus,—one and all;
The wolf can never harm us, while in our Shepherd's care;
But if we once be parted, he then will soon appear.
- 4 But love unto our Jesus, and to each other dear,
Let us strengthen one another, and feel each other's care;

Press forward on our journey, keep Zion
still in view,
In spite of all opposers, the Lord will bring
us through.

5 The faithful do experience, and that from
day to day,
That Jesus is sufficient for all that watch
and pray;
Ye faithful pilgrims trust him, he'll keep
you to the end;
Though men and devils tempt you, still Je-
sus is your friend.

6 Jesus beholds from heaven, your labour and
your pain;
Press on, ye valiant soldiers, the prize you
soon shall gain;
Jesus is now in glory, his soldiers there will
meet,
We shall know one another, our joys shall
be complete.

7 Our warfare is nearer over, than when we
last did meet;
Who next shall leave the army to walk the
golden street?
No matter which, my brethren, if Jesus give
the call;
If I'm the next poor pilgrim, with Christ
I'll leave you all.

- 8 Come, let us sing his praises, lest we should
meet no more,
Till Jesus lands his army, on the eternal
shore;
Sing glory, hallelujah, sweet Jesus quickly
come,
Prepare us for thy glory, and call thy ser-
vants home.

53.

- 1 O, ALL LOVING Lamb, a sinner I am,
And come as a sinner thy mercy to claim;
For sinners like me, thy mercy is free,
O, who would not love such a Saviour as
thee?
- 2 With joy I embrace the pardon and grace,
Thy passion hath purchas'd for the fallen
race:
Though long I withstood, and fled from my
God,
Yet mercy pursu'd with the cries of his
blood.
- 3 He stopp'd me astray, and caus'd me to
stay,
And wash'd all my sins in a moment away;
I felt it applied, and joyfully cried,
Me, me thou hast lov'd, and for me thou
hast died.
- 4 How mighty thou art, who lov'st to con-
vert!
Love only could conquer so stubborn a
heart;

None but the God-Man alone could constrain

So sturdy a rebel to love thee again.

5 But sure at the last thy goodness I taste,
My soul on thy goodness delighted I cast;
Thy goodness I'll praise, and sing of thy
grace,

And joyfully live out my few happy days.

6 And when thy dear love from on earth shall
remove;

O, then I shall sing, like the angels above;
Still there when I am, my work is the same,
To ascribe my salvation to God and the
Lamb.

7 Salvation to God, I'll publish abroad,
And make heaven ring with the cries of his
blood;

The Lamb that was slain, lo, he lives again,
And I with my Jesus eternally reign.

53.

Longing for the spread of the gospel.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see

That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtained on Calvary;
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 From the eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
 From eternal darkness dawn,
 And the everlasting gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name—
 All the borders
 Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease,
 May thy lasting, wide dominions,
 Multiply and still increase;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

54.

1 O HAPPY time, long waited for,
 The comfort of my heart;
 Since I have met the saints once more,
 May we in union part.
 Temptations cease to break my peace,
 And all my sorrows die;
 When with you my love renew.
 O, what a heaven have I!

- 2 My sorrow's past, and I at last,
Have heavenly comforts found;
My heart to Jesus I have given,
And I'm for Canaan bound.
If fellowship with saints below,
Is to our souls so sweet,
What heavenly raptures shall we know,
When round the throne we meet!
- 3 While here we sit and sing his love,
With rapture so divine,
We imitate the saints above,
While in these songs we join.
Our hearts are filled with holy zeal,
We long to see the King;
We long to reach those heavenly hills,
Where saints and angels sing.
- 4 O sinner's try, you that stand by,
Come and be happy too;
Christ died for all, that on him call,
Sinners, he died for you.
If I could know which of you'd go,
I'd take you by the hand,
And lead you on the way Christ's gone,
Toward the heavenly land.
- 5 On the other hand, if you will stand
Just on the brink of hell,
I'll first you warn, though some may scorn,
And bid you all farewell;
For I must go to Christ, I know,
I long with him to dwell;

The saints will too, bid you adieu;
 Poor sinners, all farewell.

55. BIGGS' COLLECTION.

The soul in triumph.

- 1 O Jesus, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,
 For thee all the pleasures of life I'll resign;
 Of objects most pleasing I love thee the
 best,
 Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee
 I'm blest.
 - 2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my
 love,
 No richer indeed, are the angels above;
 For thee all the pleasures of sense I'll
 forego;
 And wander a pilgrim distressed below.
 - 3 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was
 blind,
 Then taught me the way of salvation to
 find;
 And when I was sinking into black despair,
 My Saviour relieved me, and bid me not
 fear.
- In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
 The language of mortals forever must fail;
 My Jesus is precious, my soul's all on flame,
 I'm rais'd in sweet raptures while praising
 his name.

- 5 Though poor and despised, by faith I now
stand,
Upheld and supported by heaven's kind
hand;
In Jesus supported, I'll praise his dear
name,
Regardless of censure, of praise, or of
blame.
- 6 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation, he always is there
My constant companion, O! may we not
part;
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.
- 7 If ever I lov'd, sure I love thee, my Lord;
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy
word;
I love all creation, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from
woe.
- 8 When happy in Christ, I regard not the
crowd,
Though sinners despise me for singing so
loud;
For death will soon call me and then I shall
fly,
To praise my dear Jesus in mansions on
high.
- 9 When millions of ages, my soul shallem
ploy,
In praising my Saviour, my life and my joy,

The glorified spirits and angels around,
Will all be delighted to join the glad sound

56.

- 1 O JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
Through love and thanksgiving fall down
at thy feet;
The sacrifice off'ring of soul, flesh and
blood,
Thou art my Redeemer, my Lord and my
God.
- 2 I love thee, I love thee. I love thee my
Lord;
I love thee my Saviour, I love thee my God;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost
know,
But how much I love thee, I never shall
show.
- 3 All human inventions are empty and vain,
And cannot unriddle the heavenly plan;
I'm sure if the language of angels I had,
I could not the mystery of heaven describe.
- 4 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account,
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
And gaze on my treasure, and long to be
there,
With angels my kindred, and Jesus my
dear.
- 5 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blessed,
My joy and my portion, my life and my
peace:

Thy name is my theme, and thy love is my
song,

Thy charms do inspire my heart and my
tongue.

6 Thy goodness received, and thy promise
fulfil,

Protect and direct me to the heavenly hill,
Where wrapt in thy arms, and lost in thy
charms,

With angels transported, shall rest from all
harms.

57.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye

To Canaan's fair and happy land;
Where my possessions lie.

O, the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!

Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

2 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;

There rocks and hills, and brooks and
vales,

With milk and honey flow;

All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;

There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

- 3 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
When shall I reach that happy place?
And be forever blest;
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 4 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
Can here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll;
Fearless I'd launch away.
There, on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

58.

- 1 ONE spark, O God, of heavenly fire,
Awakes my heart with warm desire
To reach the realms above;
Immortal glories round me shine,
I drink the streams of joy divine,
And sing redeeming love.
- 2 O, could I wing my way in haste,
Soon with bright seraphs would I feast;
And join their sweet employ;
I'd glide along the heavenly stream,
And join their most exalted theme
Of everlasting joy.

- 3 Too mean this little globe for me,
Nor will I e're contented be
With things that are so vain;
Its greatest treasures are but dross,
Its grandeur short, its pleasures cross'd,
Its joys all mix'd with pain.
- 4 But resting in my Savjour's arms,
My soul enjoys transporting charms
Of everlasting love;
There's life, there's joy, there's settled
peace,
A friendship that will never cease,
A rock that cannot move.
- 5 Soar, then my soul, stretch every thought,
To meet within the heavenly court,
Above this mortal orb.
There with the angels let me rise,
And find my seat above the skies,
Where sins no more disturb.
- 6 There, with an everlasting band,
Of kindred saints, at God's right hand,
My thirsty spirit move;
To soar, to shout, to reign, to rest,
Forever and forever blest,
In realms of endless love.

59.

- 1 O, TELL me no more of this world's vain
store,
The time for such trifles with me now is
o'er;

A country I've found, where true joys
abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy
ground.

2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
day.

3 No mortal doth know, what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort—go after
him, go.

Lo! onward I move to a country above;
None guesses how wondrous my journey
will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and
sin;

'Midst outward affliction, shall feel Christ
within;

And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why;

5 But still I do find we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.
So this is the race, I'm running through
grace,

Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's
face.

6 And now I am in care, my neighbors may
share

Those blessings; to seek them will none of
you dare?

In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so
nigh?

60

- 1 OUR souls that long in darkness lay,
At length have seen a glorious day;
Sprung forth from Christ, we must declare
He is our souls' sweet Morning Star.
- 2 That darkness which our souls have felt,
Contracted by our sins and guilt,
He has removed; we must declare,
He is our souls' sweet Morning Star.
- 3 He's risen in our hearts indeed,
We're fired with love, from fears are freed:
Such joys we feel, we must declare
He is our souls' sweet Morning Star.
- 4 And while these raptures do remain,
We must believe we're born again;
And straight the news we must declare,
He is our souls' sweet Morning Star.
- 5 But if the heavenly scene's away,
We're apt to think, and apt to say,
We've been too forward to declare
He is our souls' sweet Morning Star.
- 6 'Tis strange, so often we complain,
And yet so oft he comes again;
With sweet surprise we must declare,
He is our souls' sweet Morning Star.

- 7 No constellation in the skies,
 E'er shined so glorious in our eyes;
 He's all in all, we must declare,
 He is our souls' sweet Morning Star.
- 8 Here then we fix our lasting hope;
 By faith, as through a telescope,
 We gaze, and wonder, and declare,
 He is our souls' sweet Morning Star.
- 9 With us eternal life's begun;
 He is our Star, he is our Sun,
 Through endless ages we'll declare,
 He is our souls' sweet Morning Star.

61.

Longing to see Jesus.

- 1 O, WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 And from the flowing fountains
 Drink everlasting love?
 When shall I be deliver'd,
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er;
 His promises are faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers

- 3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid it all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
- 4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your cares on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;
Gird on the heavenly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.
- 5 O, do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you seek for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to send;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often your request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you up to rest.

62.

- 1 QUITE weary, near to faint,
I my sad state deplore;
I would myself with God acquaint,
But 'tis not in my power.

- I know my dang'rous state,
Still carnal, sold to sin:
Corrupt, impure, degenerate,
Have all my doings been.
- 2 How many gracious days,
Have I misspent and lost,
Lov'd to frequent unholy ways,
And made of sin my boast!
Alas! those days are gone,
Those golden days are o'er;
The Gospel that so lately shone,
Perhaps may shine no more.
- 3 O, whither shall I fly,
If God has me forsook?
To whom may I for mercy cry,
Or where for refuge look?
How shall I meet the Lord,
Or how his anger bear,
When I shall see his flaming sword,
And banner in the air?
- 4 When, by the trumpet's sound,
The dead to life shall come;
And all who slumber under ground,
Shall rise to know their doom;
When time shall have an end,
When Jesus on a cloud,
Shall with his angel host descend,
And with the trump of God.
- 5 O Lord my crimes forgive,
If I may be forgiven;

And with thy chosen, me receive,
 When thou shalt come from heaven.
 Spare me, in mercy spare;
 O, wash and make me clean,
 And fit me for the time when here
 I shall no more be seen.

63.

Solemn warning.

- 1 REMEMBER, sinful youth, you must die,
 you must die!
 Remember, sinful youth, you must die!
 Remember sinful youth, who shun the ways
 of truth,
 And in your follies boast, you must die, you
 must die!
 And in your follies boast, you must die!
- 2 Uncertain are your days here below, here
 below,
 Uncertain are your days here below,
 Uncertain are your days, for God has many
 ways,
 To call you to your graves here below, here
 below,
 To call you to your graves here below!
- 3 To a dreadful judgment day you are bound,
 you are bound,
 To a dreadful judgment day you are bound,
 To a dreadful judgment day, your thoughts
 be what they may,

Nor can you long delay, you are bound,
 you are bound,

Nor can you long delay, you are bound!

4 The God that built the sky, great I AM,
 great I Am!

The God that built the sky, great I AM,
 The God that built the sky, has said and
 cannot lie,

Impenitents must die, and be lost, and be
 lost,

Impenitents must die, and be lost!

5 Then, O my friends, don't you, I entreat, I
 entreat,

Then, O my friends, don't you, I entreat,

Then, O my friends, don't you, your carnal
 ways pursue,

Your immortal souls undo, I entreat, I en-
 treat,

Your immortal souls undo, I entreat!

6 Unto the Saviour fly, 'scape for life, 'scape
 for life,

Unto the Saviour fly, 'scape for life,

Unto the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be,

Your final destiny, 'scape for life, 'scape for
 life,

Your final destiny, 'scape for life!

64. HART.

The Gospel.

1 REPENT, ye sons of men repent,
 Hear the good tidings God hath sent.

Of sinners sav'd and sins forgiven,
 And beggars rais'd to reign in heaven,
 Beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars, beg-
 gars rais'd to reign in heaven.

2 God sent his son to die for us,
 Die to redeem us from the curse;
 He took our weakness, bore our load,
 And dearly bought us with his blood.
 Dearly, dearly, &c.

3 In guilt's dark dungeon, where we lay,
 Mercy cried "*spare,*" and Justice "*slay,*"
 But Jesus answer'd, "*set them free,*
 And pardon *them,* and punish *me!*"
 Pardon, pardon, &c.

4 Salvation is of God alone,
 Life everlasting in his son;
 And he that gave his son to bleed,
 Will freely give us all we need,
 Freely, freely, &c.

5 Believe the Gospel and rejoice,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
 His goodness praise, his wonders tell,
 Who ransom'd all our souls from hell.
 Ransom'd, ransom'd, &c.

65

1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
 And my troubled, weary spirit
 Now finds rest in thee, my God.

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high;
Glory to my blessed Saviour,
Sing his praise around the sky.

2 I am safe, and I am happy,
While in his dear arms I lie;
Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.
Glory, &c.

3 Now we sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear name;
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same.
Glory, &c.

4 He that asketh, soon receiveth;
He that seeks, is sure to find;
The distressed he relieveth,
Such he'll never cast behind.
Glory, &c.

5 Now our Advocate is pleading,
With his Father and our God;
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.
Glory, &c.

6 Now methinks I hear him praying,
Father, spare them, I have died;
And the father answers, saying,
They are freely justified.
Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Worthy is the Lamb of God;

Worthy is my blessed Saviour,
Who has wash'd us in his blood.

66. NEWTON, CHORUS BY RYLAND, JUN.

Prayer for a revival.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord revive us;
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, &c.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green:
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
Lord, &c.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
Lord, &c.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth,

Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Lord, &c.

6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Lord, &c.

7 Younger plants—the sight, how pleasant;
Covered thick with blossoms, stood,
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.
Lord, &c.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, &c.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the worlds bewitching snares.
Lord, &c.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

67.

- 1 Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
He died on Calvary, to atone for you and
me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended, he was extended,
Shamefully nail'd to the cross;
He bowed his head and died, thus my Lord
was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Three dreadful hours, three dreadful hours,
Three dreadful hours, in pain;
The sun refus'd to shine, when the Majesty
Divine,
Was derided, insulted and slain.
- 4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
The solid rocks were rent, through crea-
tion's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the GOD-MAN.
- 5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made;
He was taken by the great, and enbalm'd
in spices sweet;
And was in a new sepulchre laid.
- 6 Hail, mighty Saviour, hail mighty Saviour
Author and Prince of all peace!

He burst the bands of death, and triumph-
ant from the earth,

He ascended to mansions of bliss.

- 7 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners might live;
Saying "Father I have died, behold my
hands and side,
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive."
8 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to me, and be recon-
ciled to thee,
And salvation they all shall receive."

68. NEWTON.

- 1 SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry.
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipes away thy tears:
2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face.
Wilt thou fear *Immanuel*?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?

- 3 Think, how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds,
Hark! from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!
See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.
- 4 Though his Majesty be great,
His mercy is no less,
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress.
By himself the Lord has sworn,
He delights not in thy death;*
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'st live by faith.
- 5 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see,
What throngs his throne surround;
These, though sinners, once like thee,
Have full salvation found.
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says "there yet is room;"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

**Ezekiel*, xxii—11.

69. NEWTON.

An alarm to sinners.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go;

Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Once again I charge you, stop;
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop,
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Pale-faced Death will quickly come,
To drag you to his bar,
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass;
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,
Rocks and mountains on us fall,*
And hide us from his face.

- 5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come;
None who come shall be denied,
He says "there still is room."

* *Rev. vi, 16—† Luke xiv, 22.*

70.

- 2 SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just before my eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly;
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

CHORUS.

- There's glory, glory in my soul,
There's glory all around;
There's glory from the rising sun,
Until its going down.
- 2 While I'm in prison here below,
In anguish, pain and smart,
Oft times those troubles I forego,
When love surrounds my heart.
In darkest shadows of the night,
Faith mounts the upper sky;

I then behold my heart's delight,
And would rejoice to die.

3 I view the monster, Death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still the triumph sing.
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I know.

4 A few more days, or years at most,
My trials will be o'er,
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.
My raptur'd soul shall drink and feast,
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest,
Is ravishing to me.

5 O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me through the sky;
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,
Make haste and bring it nigh,
I hope to see thy glorious face,
And in thy image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.

6 Then will I tune my harp of gold,
To my eternal King;
Through ages that can ne'er be told;
Will make his praises ring.

- All hail, eternal Son of God,
Who died on Calvary,
And sav'd me with his precious blood,
From endless misery!
- 7 Ten thousand thousand join in one,
To praise the eternal Three,
Prostrate before the blazing throne,
In deep humility.
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And sweep th' immortal lyre;
Through ages that can ne'er be told,
Shall raise thy praises higher.

71. HART.

- 1 THE fountain of Christ, Lord, help us to
sing,
The blood of our Priest, our crucify'd
King;
The fountain that cleanses from sin and
from filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear, he'll freely impart;
When pierc'd by the spear, it flow'd from
his heart,
With blood and with water—the first to
atone,
To cleanse us the latter—the fountain's are
one.

- 3 This fountain from guilt not only makes
pure,
And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure;
But if guilt removed, return and remain
Its power may be proved again and again.
- 4 This fountain unseal'd, stands open for all
Who long to be healed, the great and the
small.
Here's strength for the weakly, that hither
are led,
Here's health for the sickly, and life for the
dead.
- 5 This fountain, though rich, from charge is
quite clear;
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here.
Come needy and guilty, come loathsome
and bare,
Though lep'rous and filthy, come just as
you are.
- 6 This fountain in vain has never been tried;
It takes out all stain whenever applied.
The fountain flows freely, with virtue di-
vine,
To cleanse souls completely, tho' lep'rous
as mine.

72.

- 1 THE glorious light of Zion is spreading far
and wide,
And sinners they are coming upon the Gos-
pel tide;

The conquests of King Jesus in glorious triumphs rise,
And sinners crowd around him with bitter screams and cries.

The suffering of the Saviour upon Mount Calvary,
Are sounding sweet to sinners as we may plainly see;
And while the glorious message was circulating round,
Some souls exposed to ruin, redeeming grace have found.

3 And of that happy number, I hope that I am one,
For Jesus will accomplish the work he has begun;
He'll cut it short in righteousness, and I'll forever be
A monument of mercy, through all the eternity.

4 I am but a young convert, who lately did enlist,
A soldier under Jesus, my Prophet, King and Priest.
I have received my bounty, with it my martial dress,
A ring of love and favor, a robe of righteousness.

- 5 Then down into the water, where we young
 converts go,
We serve our Lord and Master, in righteous
 acts below;
We lay our sinful bodies beneath the yield-
 ing wave,
An emblem of the Saviour, when he lay in
 the grave.
- 6 Poor sinners think what Jesus has done for
 you and me;
Behold his mangled body upon the accur-
 sed tree,
His head, his hands, his bleeding side, to
 you we now pourtray;
Come tell me brother sinner how can you
 stay away?
- 7 Come all you elder brethren and soldiers of
 the cross,
Who for the love of Jesus have counted all
 things dross;
Come, pray for us, young converts, that
 we may travel on,
To meet you all in glory, where our Re-
 deemer's gone.

73.

- 1 THE Lord unto his garden's come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,

- From Jesus flow on every vine,
And make the dead alive.
- 2 Behold this dry and barren ground,
With springs of water doth abound,
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers mighty foes,
And leads the captives home.
- 3 The glorious day is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
Your sins he will forgive.
O, taste and see that grace is free,
For all mankind who willing be,
To come to Christ and live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour, piteous and kind,
Who will them all receive;
None are too bad who do repent,
Out of one sinner legions went;
The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 If sinners only knew the Lord,
And were acquainted with his word,
His sweet forgiving love;
They'd rush through storms of every kind,
And leave all earthly things behind,
To gain a crown above.
- 6 Come brethren, you who know the Lord,
Observe with care his holy word,
In Jesus' ways go on;

Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

We feel that heaven is now begun,
7 It issues from the glorious throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

8 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
For there the bliss which God bestows,
To a redundant river flows,
Which never will run dry.

9 There we shall shine, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

10 Amen, amen, my soul replies;
I hope to meet you in the skies,
The Saviour to adore.
Now, here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in the heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

74. L. M.

- 1 THE name of Christ, how sweet it sounds!
How sweet the mention of his wounds!
How good, how excellently good,
Is the clear name of Jesus' blood!
- 2 What makes it so to me, is this;
All that is Christ's my portion is,
I'm his, and all I e'er shall be,
And all he has he gives to me!
- 3 O, what a great estate have I!
A heaven to all eternity,
I'm rich, my Lord hath made me so,
Nor would I greater riches know.
- 4 What did my Saviour at his death,
To me, unworthy me bequeath;
All that he had, his merit, blood,
He left me when he went to God.
- 5 His new eternal testament,
I read, and much sweet time is spent,
In searching every verse and line,
How much my Jesus will is mine.
- 6 My dearest Lord I'll ever bless,
For his most glorious righteousness;
I'll sing how black, how vile I am,
How fair and comely is the Lamb.

75.

- 1 THE time draws near, I must go home,
Resign my body to the tomb;

I leave you all in Jesus' hands,
Whose bosom bears the tender lambs.

- 2 He saw me wandering far from God,
He call'd me oft and very loud;
Till by entreaties of his tongue,
He rous'd my heart and brought me home.
- 3 He's kept me safe these many years,
Sometimes through joy, sometimes through
fears,
Sometimes my soul would mount on high,
Like winged larks, towards the sky.
- 4 Sometimes I'm like a lonesome dove,
Wandering she flies through all the grove;
In notes of grief I oft complain,
Till my dear Lord returns again.
- 5 My sun has past the middle line,
My limbs unto the grave recline;
But still my mind moves gently on,
To see my Lord upon his throne.
- 6 Then fly my son fast to the west,
Since I shall be with Jesus blest,
And join the throng near to the throne,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er were known.
- 7 Farewell my brethren, all in pain,
The Lord he hears you oft complain;
Your darkness soon shall turn to day,
And doubts and fears all flee away.
- 8 Farewell my children, whom I love,
Prepare to meet me soon above;

Where you shall hear me sing and tell
How Jesus saved my soul from hell.

- 9 There we shall be with Jesus blest,
In that eternal world of rest;
And sing on harps that's tuned so well,
Redemption through Immanuel.

76.

Jesus is my Friend.

- 1 THERE is a heaven above the skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies,
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me;
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, O, hallelujah
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.
- 2 The way is difficult and straight,
And narrow is the Gospel gate,
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in,
But Jesus, &c.
- 3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes,
The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
But Jesus, &c.
- 4 The way of danger I am in,
Beset with devils, men and sin,
But in this way, thy track I see,
And mark'd with blood for guilty me.
Sweet Jesus, &c.

5 Come life, come death, come then what
will,

His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

O, Jesus, &c.

6 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Saviour, Friend and King;
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "press on, receive the crown."

O Jesus, &c.

7 "Prove faithful then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

O Jesus, &c.

8 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last joyful trump shall sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise:

O, Jesus, &c.

77.

1 THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a twinkling ray,
But since my Saviour found me,
A lamp hath shone along my way.

- 2 My way is full of danger;
But 'tis the path that leads to God,
And like a faithful soldier,
I'll boldly march along the road.
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breast plate, helmet and my shield,
And fight the host of Satan,
Until I reach the heavenly field.
- 3 I'm on the way to Zion,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand,
O, come along, dear sinners,
And see Immanuel's happy land.
To all who stay behind me,
I bid a long, a long farewell,
Come now, or you'll repent it,
When you do reach the gates of hell.
- 4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before,
O, how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar;
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there?
From sinking down to darkness,
And the regions of despair!
- 5 This stream shall not affright me,
Although 'tis deeper than the grave,
If Jesus stands beside me,
I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave.
His word has calmed the ocean,
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale.

Oh! shall this Friend be with me,
While through the gates of death I sail?

6 Come then, thou King of Terrors,
And with thy dagger lay me low;
I'll soon reach those regions
Where everlasting pleasures grow;
O sinners, shall I leave you,
No more to join your social band;
No more to stand beside you,
Till at the judgment bar we stand?

7 Soon the archangel's trumpet,
Shall rock the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature,
Shall in a moment cease to roll!
Then we shall see the Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his faithful servants home.

78. NEWTON.

The Lord will provide.

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers af-
fright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us the Lord will pro-
vide.

- 2 The birds without barn and store house are
fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our
bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be
denied,
Long as 'tis written, "the Lord will pro-
vide."
- 3 We all may, like ships, with tempests be-
tost
On perilous, Deeps, but cannot be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the
tide,
Yet Scripture engages the Lord will pro-
vide.
- 4 His call we obey like Abraham of old,
We knew not the way but faith makes us
bold;
For though we are strangers we have a
sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will pro-
vide.
- 5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by
faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has
tried,
The heart-cheering promise the Lord will
provide.

- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in
vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall ob-
tain;
But when such suggestions our graces
have tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will
provide.
- 7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name,
In this our strong tower, for safety we
hide;
The Lord is our power, the Lord will pro-
vide.
- When life sinks apace and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us
through,
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will
provide.

79.

- 1 THERE is a school on earth begun,
Supported by the Holy One;
He calls his pupils for to prove
The principles of perfect love.
- 2 O come my friends, submit to rule;
Say, will you go with me to school;

Christ Jesus is my Master's name,
To-day as yesterday the same.

- 3 His laws demand attention bright,
Unto the simple they give light;
His government is meek and mild,
It suits the aged and the child.
- 4 The blind he teaches, and they see,
Come then, ye blind, the school is free.
The lame he strengthens, and they walk,
The dumb he gives a tongue to talk.
- 5 The swearer teaches he to pray,
Come ye profane, without delay;
He'll change your tongue to praise his
name,
And spread abroad your master's fame.
- 6 The deaf my Master makes to hear,
Come, then, ye deaf, and lend an ear,
Unto my Master's pleasant voice;
He'll make your broken heart rejoice.
- 7 The Scriptures are our school books too,
The lessons are forever new;
You in this school may learn to read,
It is a glorious school indeed.
- 8 Come brethren dear, who are at school,
Attention pay to every rule;
We soon shall learn the happy art,
Of praising God with all our heart.
- 9 When this frail tenement shall die,
We then shall lay our school books by;

With master Jesus we shall reign,
And hallelujah sing—Amen.

80. NEWTON.

Anxious enquiry.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child.
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet, I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
 Find at times the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
 Thou who art thy people's Sun;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun?
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray,
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to day.

81.

- 1 WANDERING pilgrims, mourning christians,
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ;
 Who endure great tribulation,
 And with sins are much distressed,
 Christ has sent me to invite you,
 To a rich and costly feast;
 Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
 Come, the rich provision taste.
- 2 If you have a heart lamenting,
 And bemoan your wretched case;
 Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
 He will give you Gospel grace.
 If you want a heart to fear him,
 Love and serve him all your days,

Only come to Christ and ask him,
He will guide your feet always.

3 If, like poor Bartemius blinded,
You bewail the want of sight;
Cry to Jesus, Son of David,
He will give you Gospel light.
If, like Mary, you've been keeping
Seven devils in your embrace,
Fly, like her, to Jesus, weeping,
He will bid you go in peace.

4 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pardoning love,
Lie hard by Bethesda, waiting
Till the troubled waters move;
If no one appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk,
Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you,
Rise, take up your bed and walk.

5 If, like Peter, you are sinking,
In the sea of unbelief,
Wait with patience, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief;
He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied,
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

6 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ will guide you through the gloom;
Down he'll send a heavenly concert,
To convey you to his home.

There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from every want and care,
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.

82. NEWTON.

- 1 WHAT think ye of Christ? Is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost.
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour, in word
But mix their own works with his plan,
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can.
If doings prove rather too light,
(A little, they own, they may fail.)
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

- 4 Some style him the Pearl of great price,
And say he's the Fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys.
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
And while they salute him, betray;
Ah! what will profession like this,
Avail in the terrible day?
- 5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think,
Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say he is my meet and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store,
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall,
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord and my all.

83.

- 1 WHAT wondrous love is this, O my soul,
O my soul,
What wondrous love is this, O my soul,
What wondrous love is this, that caus'd the
Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse, for my soul, for
my soul;
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.
- 2 When I was sinking down, sinking down,
sinking down,
When I was, &c.

When I was sinking down, beneath God's
righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul,
for my soul,
Christ, &c.

3 Ye winged seraphs fly, bear the news, bear
the news,
Ye winged, &c.

Ye winged seraphs fly, like comets through
the sky,
Fill vast eternity with the news, with the
news,
Fill, &c.

4 To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will
sing,
To God, &c.

To God and to the Lamb, and to the great
I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I
will sing,
While, &c.

5 Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise, join
the praise,
Ye sons, &c.

Ye sons of Zion's King, with hearts and
voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise,
in his praise,
And strike, &c.

- 6 And while from death we're free, we'll sing
 on, we'll sing on,
 And while, &c.
 And while from death we're free, we'll sing
 and joyful be,
 And in eternity we'll sing on, we'll sing on,
 And in, &c.
- 7 And when to that bright world we arrive, we
 arrive,
 And when, &c.
 When to that world we go, free from all
 pain and woe,
 We'll join the happy throng, and sing on,
 and sing on,
 We'll join the happy throng and sing on.

84. NEWTON.

Joseph made known to his brethren.—Gen. xlv, 3—4.

- 1 When Joseph his brethren beheld,
 Afflicted and trembling with fear,
 His heart with compassion was fill'd,
 From weeping he could not forbear.
 While his behaviour was rough,
 To bring their past sins to their mind,
 But when they were humbled enough,
 He hastened to show himself kind.
- 2 How little they thought it was he,
 Whom they had ill-treated and sold!
 How great their confusion must be,
 As soon as his name he had told.

- "I am Joseph your brother," he said,
"And still to my heart you are dear;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here."
- 3 Though greatly distressed before,
When charged with purloining the cup;
They now were confounded much more;
Not one of them durst to look up.
"Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did?
And will he our households maintain?
O, this is a brother indeed."
- 4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience I came,
All laden with guilt to the Lord.
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
At first he look'd stern and severe;
What anguish then pierced my heart,
Expecting each moment to hear,
The sentence, "thou cursed, depart!"
- 5 But O, what surprise when he spoke!
What tenderness beamed in his face!
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace.
"Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain;
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign."
- 6 I am Jesus whom thou hast blasphem'd,
And crucified often afresh;

But let me henceforth be esteemed,
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh.
My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will fully supply,
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.

- 7 "Go, publish to sinners around;
(That they may be willing to come,)
The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them as yet there is room."
O sinners the message obey;
No more vain excuses pretend;
But fly, without further delay,
To Jesus our brother and friend.

85. NEWTON.

Why should I complain.

- 1 WHEN my Saviour, my Shepherd is near;
How quickly my sorrows depart!
New beauties around me appear,
New spirits enliven my heart.
His presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain,
While my Shepherd his power controls,
I think I no more shall complain.
- 2 But alas! what a change do I find,
When my shepherd withdraws from my
sight!
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon changed into night.

Then Satan his efforts renews,
To vex and ensnare me again;
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
And can only lament and complain.

- 3 By these changes I often pass through,
I am taught my own weakness to know;
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe.
It is he that supports me through all;
When I faint he revives me again;
He attends to my prayer when I call,
And bids me no longer complain.

- 4 Wherefore, then, should I murmur and
grieve,
Since my Shepherd is always the same,
And has promis'd he never will leave
The soul that confides in his name?
To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffeted, tempted and slain;
And at length he will surely appear,
Though he leaves me awhile to complain.

- 5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be always in peace;
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
And that shortly this warfare will cease;
For ere long he will bid me remove
From this region of sorrow and pain,
To abide in his presence above,
And then I no more shall complain.

36.

Hope in trouble.

- 1 WHEN sorrows encompass me round,
And many distresses I see,
Astonish'd I cry, can mortal be found,
Surrounded with troubles like me?
- 2 Few seasons of peace I enjoy,
And they are succeeded by pain;
If e'er a few moments in praise I employ,
I have hours and days to complain.
- 3 O, when will my sorrows subside?
O, when will my sufferings cease,
O, when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,
In mansions of glory and bliss?
- 4 May I be prepar'd for that day,
When Jesus shall bid me remove?
That I may in raptures go shouting away,
To the arms of my heavenly love.
- 5 My spirit to glory convey'd,
My body laid low in the ground;
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed,
Let all join in praising around.
- 6 No sorrow be vented that day,
When Jesus hath called me home;
With singing and shouting let brethren say,
He's gone from the evil to come.
- 7 If souls disembodied can know,
Or visit their brethren beneath;

My spirit shall join you, as shouting you go,
And leave all my cares in the grave.

8 Immers'd in the Ocean of love,
My soul like an angel shall sing;
Till Christ shall descend, with a shout from
above,
And make all creation to ring.

9 Our bodies in dust shall obey,
And, swifter than thought, shall arise;
Then chang'd in a moment, go shouting
away,
To mansions of love in the skies.

87.

1 WHEN I was young of tender years,
My Saviour did invite me;
I then was fill'd with many fears,
But Satan still did blind me.
He told me that I was too young,
To leave my worldly pleasure,
That I might live till I was old,
And serve God at my leisure.

2 At length the spirit came one day,
And strove with mighty power,
Which caus'd me to forsake my way,
And tremble every hour;
Which caused me to weep and mourn,
Saying, Lord Jesus, save me,
If mercy thou canst me afford,
And to thy glory raise me.

- 3 When Jesus heard the rebel cry,
He sent his kind compassion,
Down at his feet my soul did lie,
There pleading for a blessing.
My heart was fill'd with tenderness,
My mouth was fill'd with praises,
While Abba Father I did cry,
And glory to my Saviour.
- 4 Glory to God, for I have found
The Pearl of my salvation;
We are marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
Up to the heavenly Canann.
Now I'm resolv'd to serve the Lord,
And never to forsake him,
And march along the heavenly road,
Till I do overtake him.
- 5 For Christ says, fear not little flock,
Heirs of immortal glory,
For you are built upon the Rock,
The kingdom lies before you.
Press on, press on, ye heirs of grace,
And tell the pleasing story,
I'm with my little flock always,
I'll bring them home to glory.

88.

Yet there is room. Luke, xiv, 22.

- 1 Ye dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The Gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you;

- Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, sinner come,
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word,
His messengers proclaim,
He is a gracious Lord,
And Faithful is his name;
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear;
Let whosoever will, now come,
In Mercy's breast there still is room.

89.

- 1 YOUNG people all, attention give,
While I address you in God's name,
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.
I sought for bliss and glittering toys,
And rang'd th' alluring scenes of life;
But never found substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

- 2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And took my load of guilt away;
He gave me happiness and heaven,
And turn'd my darkness into day.
And now with trembling sense I view,
Your awful state unthinking youth,
While death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 3 Youth, like the spring will soon be gone,
By fleeting time and conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
For God may soon demand your breath.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither, like the blasted rose,
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 4 Ye heedless ones, that careless rove,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where darkness reigns and vapours move,
In solemn silence round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh march slowly on,
Still gazing at the spires of grass,
Which shall be o'er your bodies grown.
- 5 But oh! the soul, where vengeance reigns
Its sinks, with groans and bitter cries,
It rolls amidst the burning flames,
In deep distress and agonies;
Now swallowed up in darkest night,
Where devils howl and thunders roar,

'Tortur'd with keen despair and guilt,
When thousand thousand years roll o'er.

- 6 O fellow-youth, this is the state,
Of all that do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose,
Come lay your carnal weapons by;
No longer fight against the Lord;
But with my message now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

90.

- 1 YOUNG people all, in blooming days,
Hear what your Lord and Saviour says,
"Now is the time to seek my face,
And to receive my Gospel grace."
- 2 In Gospel banner now he stands,
With peace and pardon in his hands,
Offering to sinners in their prime;
Come, now is the accepted time.
- 3 "Come, you that mourn, lament and weep,
Who long to be among my sheep;
'Tis my delight to set you free,
From sin, and death and misery.
- 4 "Poor broken hearts, why do you mourn,
Like 'to some lonesome dove forlorn?
I am your Saviour, come, rejoice,
I bore your sins upon the cross."
- 5 Forsake this world and all its fame,
Take up the cross, despise the shame;

And now pursue the living way,
That leads to everlasting day.

91.

Animation.

- 1 YE weary, heavy laden souls, who are oppressed sore,
Ye trav'lers in the wilderness to Canaan's peaceful shore,
Through chilling winds and beating rains,
the waters deep and cold;
And enemies surrounding you, take courage and be bold.
Eternal glory is in view, we feel our father's love,
And all the sorrows of the way increase our joys above.
- 2 Though storms and hurricanes arise, the desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear through the enchanted ground,
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fears,
and dragons often roar;
Yet in the great Redeemer's strength, we'll pass to Canaan's shore.
Eternal glory, &c.
- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove, that mourns her absent mate,
From hill to hill, from vale to vale, her woes she doth relate;

But Canaan's land is just before, sweet
spring is coming on,
A few more beating winds and rains and
winter will be gone.
Eternal glory, &c.

4 Sometimes, like mountains, to the skies,
black Jordan's billows roar,
And make us weary pilgrims fear we never
shall get o'er:
But when as from Mount Pisgah's top, we
view the vernal plain,
To fright our souls may Jordan roar, and
hell may rage in vain.
Eternal glory, &c.

5 Methinks I now begin to see the borders
of that land,
The trees of grace, with heavenly fruit, in
beauteous order stand,
The wint'ry time will soon begone, the sum-
mer soon appear,
The glorious day is rolling on, the great
sabatic year.
Eternal glory, &c.

6 O, what a glorious sight appears to my be-
lieving eyes!
Methinks I see Jerusalem, a city in the
skies;

Bright angels whisper me away, O come to
glory, come.

And I am waiting to be gone to my eternal
home.

Eternal glory, &c.

7 By faith I view my glorious God on his
eternal throne;

At his right hand, the loving Lamb, the
Spirit three in one;

O, that my faith were strong, to rise and
bear my soul away,

I'd shout salvation to the Lamb in one eter-
nal day.

Eternal glory, &c.

8 Farewell my brethren in the Lord, who
are for Canaan bound;

And should we never meet again till the
last trump shall sound,

I hope we shall together meet on that de-
lightful shore,

In oceans of eternal bliss, where parting is
no more.

Eternal glory, &c.

92.

1 TO-DAY is the time the offer is made;
To the vilest of sinners salvation's display-
ed,

Salvation to those who are wounded and
slain,

To the filthy, a fountain, to wash them from
stain.

2 If you have been fighting long time under
sin,

And fain would be freed from your bondage
again;

Here's power to relieve you, and vict'ry to
gain,

If you are becoming, you shall it obtain.

3 Much more might be said, to welcome you
in,

But words are too narrow, the same to be-
gin;

Therefore I must leave you, and bid you go
on,

In hopes I shall meet you when I'm dead
and gone.

93.

1 AH, lovely appearance of death!

What sight upon earth is so fair?

Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare.

With solemn delight I survey

The corpse when the spirit is fled;

In love with the beautiful clay,

And longing to lie in its stead.

- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind;
How easy the soul, that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again;
No anger; henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immoveable breast,
Is heav'd by affliction no more.
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat;
It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
The fountains can yield no supplies;
Those hollows from water are free;

The tears are all wip'd from the eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe;
And still for dellverance pine,
And press to the issue of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
O, might I this moment become;
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be confin'd to the tomb.

94.

- 1 BEHOLD the love, the grace of God,
Display'd in Jesus' precious blood!
My soul's on fire, it pants to prove,
The fullness of redeeming love,

- 2 Our God is love; leap, O my soul!
Let loud hosannas gently roll;
Love gave his Son, to save our race,
And Jesus died, O sovereign grace!

- 3 What love has done, O sing around,
Angels, proclaim the eternal sound;
Lord Jesus, bleeding on the tree,
There, there, the love of God I see.

- 4 O look, and gaze! my rebel heart
Feels its own hardness to depart;
Repentance now begins to roll,
And love in streams runs through my soul

- 5 The cross I view, O wondrous love!
My fears expire, my guilt remove,

- My native enmity is slain,
I'm reconcil'd and born again.
- 6 By faith in Jesus' bloody cross,
The devil's kingdom suffers loss;
Crowds on their way from sin to God,
Have overcome through Jesus' blood.
- 7 O, that the world would turn their eyes,
And view the bleeding sacrifice,
Th' almighty love that's there displayed,
Would bruise and crush the serpents head.
- 8 O, how I long to see that hour,
When sin and death shall lose their power;
When all the world, both great and small,
Shall own him SOVEREIGN LORD OF ALL.
- 9 Thou bleeding Lamb, thou mighty God;
O, spread thy conquests far abroad,
Thy kingdom come, thou great I AM,
Let every knee bow to thy name.
- 10 Shout, Christians, shout, the Lord has
come;
Prepare, prepare to make him room;
On earth he reigns, we feel him near,
The signs of glory now appear.

95.

- 1 COME, soldiers of Jesus, awake from your
sleep,
The travelers to Zion, how slowly they
creep!

The wicked outrun us, in their sinful way,
Who serve the worst master, and hell is
their pay.

2 Our Jesus invites us, in mercy's sweet voice,
'Tis music so charming, we all should re-
joice,
And leave all behind us, and fly to his
arms,
Though sinners reject him for stores and
for farms.

3 Remember you're passing from life unto
death;
A few scenes remaining, will finish your
breath;
Your friends will desert you in your dusty
bed,
And pass by your dwellings with a solemn
dread.

4 How blest are the spirits whom angels con-
vey
To regions of glory, where always 'tis day;
To dwell with sweet Jesus, bright angels
and saints,
Where all are so happy, they have no com-
plaints!

5 With gladness they leave all things here
below,
For heavenly treasure, which they there en-
joy;

- Their bodies may moulder and crumble to
dust,
Till the resurrection of just and unjust.
6 But when Gabriel sounds the dread, shrill
alarm,
He'll call all the righteous to Jesus's arms;
With shouts all triumphing, their bodies
shall rise,
And fly to meet Jesus, our Lord, in the
skies.

96. NEWTON.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round,
How the summons
Will the sinners heart confound.
2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say "this God is mine."
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.
3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks prepare to flee;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

- 4 Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
“Hence, accursed wretch depart,
Thou with Satan,
And his angels have thy part.”
- 5 Satan who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake,
Think poor sinner,
Thy eternal all's at stake.
- 6 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below;
He will say, “come near ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You forever,
Shall my love and glory know.”
- 7 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise;
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise,
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze.

97.

- 1 O, GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wing;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,

- And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus, Priest and King.
- 2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who vainly pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honor, wealth, and pleasures mean
I neither have nor want.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
I seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there;
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
- 5 I come my Lord, thy servant cries,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

98.

Parting for Heaven.

- 6 THE time draws nigh, when you and I,
Are to be separated;

And this doth grieve our hearts, to leave
Each other and be parted;
But let us see eternity,
And meet the saints with joy:
Our sighing's o'er, we'll part no more,
But reign with Christ in glory.

2 When Christians join, it is most fine,
For to adore their Saviour;
High they can raise their songs of praise,
And follow him forever;
But when they part, it grieves their heart;
They here are so united,
They fain would be in company,
Always, they're so delighted.

3 Well, brethren dear, don't let us fear,
We soon shall live together;
When Christ descends to call his friends,
We then shall meet each other;
Then to sit down, the throne around,
With saints and lovely Jesus;
Eternal love, we'll sing above;
And nothing then will grieve us.

4 The Lamb appears, to wipe our tears,
And to complete our glory;
Then shall we rest, with all the blest,
And tell the lovely story;
To sing and tell Christ lov'd us well,
And that while we were sinners;
Heaven will ring, while saints do sing,
And praise their blessed Redeemer.

99. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*Self denial; or, taking up the cross. Mark viii, 36—
Luke ix, 26.*

- 1 ASHAM'D of Christ, my soul disdain
The mean, ungenerous thought;
Shall I disown that Friend, whose blood,
To man salvation brought?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.
- 3 At his command, we must take up
Our cross, without delay;
Our lives and thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name, his cross to bear,
Our highest honor this!
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly;
Jesus, the Judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

100. S. M. WATTS' LYRIC POEMS.

Forms vain, without religion.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories, how diffus'd abroad,
Through the creation's frame.
- 2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays;
And finds a thousand ways to express,
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform:
Curs'd pride, that keeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.
- 5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

101. C. M. STEELE.

Praise for the blessings of Providence and Grace.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my Preserver, God.
- 4 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turn'd my eye!
How many pass'd, almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by!
- 5 Each rolling year new favors brought,
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my laboring thought,
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 6 While sweet reflection through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favors more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

- 8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And every weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.
- 9 Then shall my joyful powers unite,
 In more exalted lays,
 And join the happy sons of light,
 In everlasting praise.

102. C. M. STEELE.

Penitence and hope.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
 The wonders of thy grace,
 Low at thy feet, asham'd, I fall,
 And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
 Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
 By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd,
 From Jesus to depart —
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give
 True pleasure, peace, and rest:
 When absent from my Lord, I live
 Unsatisfy'd, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
 My wandering soul restores;
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 O while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
 The penitential sigh,
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
 With pity in thine eye.

- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet:
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

103. L. M. STEELE.

Redemption by Christ alone. 1 Peter i. 18-19.

- 1 ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched, guilty captives lay.
- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid;
Invalued price! his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors shed!
- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became,
To rescue guilty souls from hell;
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb.
Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O, may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun;
Each secret, lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

104. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Asking the way to Sion. Jer. l. 5.

- 1 ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your humble prayer.
- 4 O come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

105. L. M. WATTS' Lyric Poems.

God exalted above all praise.

- 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode,
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite length beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step above thy seat,
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach the height with wand'ring eyes.

- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high.
- 4 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, but men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few,
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

106. C. M. WATTS.

God our portion here and hereafter.

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life should break,
And flesh and heart should faint,

God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

107. L. M. WATTS.

God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory,

- 1 GREAT GOD, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O, God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our Sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet:
Rejoice to seek thy face;
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And whilst this earth is my abode,
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From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

- 5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Bless'd is the man that trusts in me.

108. L. M. STEELE.

The only Saviour. Acts iv. 12.

- 1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine,
Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will heaven approve,
Thou art the true, the living way,
(Ordain'd by everlasting love,)
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart;
O, let thy Spirit, gracious Guide,
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy forever reigns.

109. P. M.

1 HAIL the blest morn, when the great Me-
diator,

Down from the regions of glory descends,
Shepherds! go worship the Lord in the
manger,

Lo! for his guards bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the mor-
ning,

Shine on our darkness and lend us your
aid;

Star in the East! the horizon adorning,

Guides where the infant Redeemer was
laid.

2 Lo, in his cradle, the dew drops were shi-
ning,

Low lies his head with the beasts of the
stall;

Angel's adore him with slumbers reclining,
Maker, Redeemer, and Saviour of men.

3 Say, shall we yield him, with costly devo-
tion,

Odours of Eden, an offering divine,

Gems from the mountain and pearls from
the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,

Vainly with gold would his favor secure,

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.

110.

- 1 DROOPING souls no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If on Christ you can believe,
You shall find him precious.
Jesus he is passing by,
Calls the mourners to him;
He has died for you and I,
Now look up and view him.
- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs the healing lotion;
See the consoling tide,
Boundless as the ocean!
See the living current move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish crying.
- 3 Grace's store is always free;
Drooping souls to gladden,
Jesus calls, "come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden;
Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven;
Soon as you on me rely,
All shall be forgiven."
- 4 Now methinks I hear one say,
"I will go and prove him,

If he takes my guilt away,
Surely I shall love him;
Yes, I see the Father smile,
Smiling moves my burden;
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 "Streaming mercy, how it rolls!
Now I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Still I want to tell it;
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,
O! the wond'rous story,
I was lost, but now I'm found,
Glory, glory, glory.

6 "Glory to my Saviour's name!
Saints I know you love him;
Sinners you may do the same,
Only come and prove him:
Hasten to a Saviour's blood,
Feel it and declare it;
Oh! that I could sing so loud,
All the world should hear it.

7 "If no greater joys are known,
In the upper Region,
I will try to travel on,
By this pure Religion;
Heaven now and heaven then,
Glory here and yonder,
Brightest seraphs shout amen!
While the angels wonder!"

111.

- 1 When the midnight cry is heard,
Oh! what a consternation;
Ten thousand sleeping in their sins,
And waiting for salvation.
Lo, the Bridegroom is at hand;
Oh, who will kindly treat him?
Surely, all the waiting band,
Will now go forth to meet him.
- 2 Some, indeed, did wait awhile,
And shone without a rival;
But they've burnt their seeming oil,
Long since the last revival.
Many souls who thought they'd light—
Oh! when the scene was closed!
Now against the Bridegroom fight,
Oh, now they stand opposed.
- 3 While the wise were passing by,
With all their lamps prepared,
"Give us of your oil," they cry,
"If any can be spared."
Others trim their formal snuff—
Oh, is it not amazing?
Those conclude they've oil enough,
And think their lamps a blazing.
- 4 Oh, foolish virgins, do you think,
Our Bridegroom's a deceiver?
That you may slight your lives away,
And try to sleep forever.
But we by faith do view his face,
On whom we have believed;

If there's deception in the case,
'Tis you who are deceived.

- 5 Now the door is open wide,
And all their lamps prepared;
And virgins wise attend the Bride,
Unto the place appointed.
Who, do you think, is now a guest?
Oh say, you carnal lover;
But those in wedding garments drest,
And safe from sin forever.

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WELCH'S. C. H.



**A SHORT ACCOUNT
OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE LATE
REV. ABSALOM GRAVES.**

THE lives of pious individuals illustrate the truth of the Christian religion, presenting to the observing eye a picture of the New Creation in its liveliest colors; and exemplifying the declaration of Jesus Christ, that *his Kingdom is not of this world*. They prove a powerful defence of the Gospel, insurmountable by the infidel, and a continual source of encouragement to the believer. In their lives, they testify the divine faithfulness, that the Lord does, as he has promised, give grace and strength equal to the day. In their deaths, they confirm to the believer the consolatory assurance, that the Lord will be his support when he walks through the valley of the shadow of death. It becomes, therefore, a source both of pleasure and profit, to review the lives of such saints after their departure, that we may hear them, *though dead, yet speaking*, and ever retain a lively declaration of what they were through Divine Grace, and of what they have done in the cause of the Redeemer.

The subject of this brief memoir was a verification of these remarks. He was extensively known and beloved in the Churches, and has left a memorial in the hearts of his numerous acquaintances, that will not soon be effaced.

As the selection and publication of these Hymns was one of his last efforts in the service of Christ, it has been thought the most suitable place in which to give a short sketch of his life and character. It is, however, to be observed, that his passage through life, in both civil and religious society, was so regular and smooth, as to present very few incidents that would interest the generality of readers; and even some of the most striking events of his life have not been preserved with sufficient minuteness, to render them particularly advantageous.

ABSALOM GRAVES was born in the State of Virginia, November 28th, 1768. In his childhood, the same engaging turn of mind and sweetness of disposition was noticed in him, which so peculiarly marked his character through subsequent life. He was remarkably sedate, avoiding every appearance of rudeness and immorality in his conversation; neat, yet plain, in his apparel, and temperate in his diet. The mildness of his disposition, the evenness of his temper, and the regularity of his manners, were such as to give him a decided influ-

ence over his brothers, sisters, and associates, though older than he was; so that they generally referred their little disputes to his arbitration, and cheerfully submitted to his decisions. When among them, his presence was a sufficient check upon any disposition to rudeness or impropriety of behaviour; they preferring to restrain their own irregular propensities, rather than give him any uneasiness.

His attachment to books, anxiety to procure useful information, studious habits and close application, co-operated to form him a good English scholar, without much aid from regular tuition.

In July, 1788, he was awakened by Divine Grace, to a sense of eternal realities, at Rapidan meeting-house, under the ministry of the Rev. George Eve. Of the particular exercises of his mind at that time, and of the manner in which he was led by the Holy Spirit to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus, we have no information; but the want of minute circumstances attending his conversion, is amply compensated by the knowledge of his godly walk and conversation throughout his subsequent life. Whatever may be the circumstances accompanying the work of God in the soul, there can be no doubt of its reality and efficacy, when it produces a life according to godliness. The manner in which we are convinced of sin, is of but little consequence, provided

that conviction be such as to produce a thorough detestation of sin and a perfect love of holiness; nor is the manner in which our Saviour displays his loveliness to the disconsolate soul, a matter of much importance, when it is followed by the abiding graces of faith, hope and love. In the present instance, we are assured by a life of nearly forty years of fervent pious and exemplary devotion, that in him was the work of the Lord perfect. All the particulars we have learned on this subject, are, that early in the ensuing month, August, he found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; and shortly after, was baptised by Mr. George Eve, in Rapidan river, and united himself with the Baptist Church of Christ meeting there.

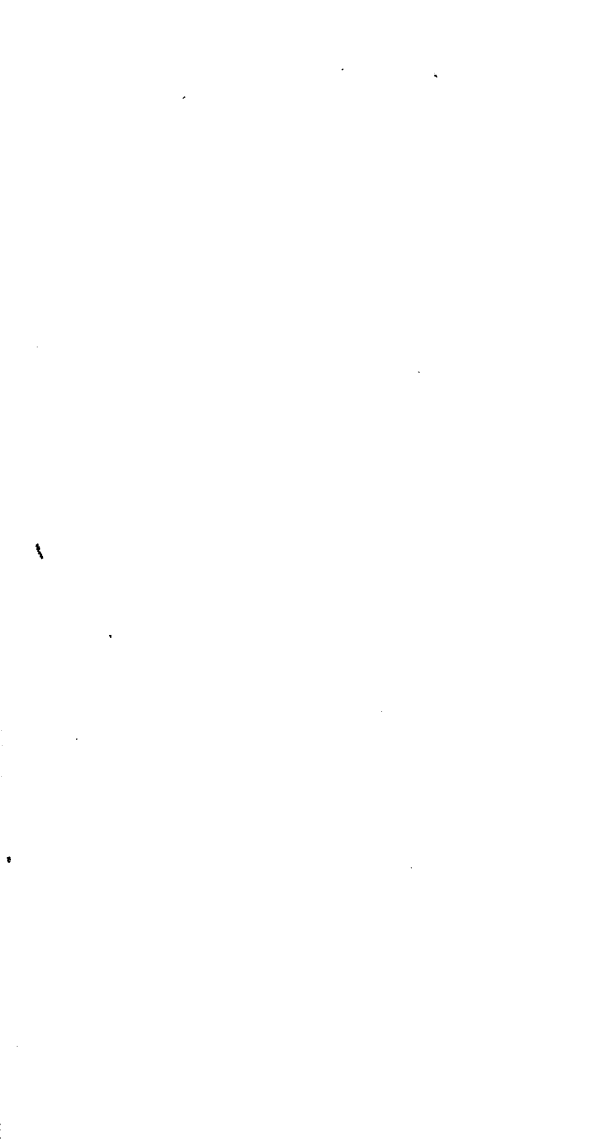
In the year 1797, he removed to Boone county, Kentucky, and joined the Bullsburg Church. In 1810, he commenced his ministerial labors, though with great reluctance. In all his deportment he was modest and unassuming, but in preaching the Gospel he was more particularly diffident. The exercise of mind which led him into the ministry is thus stated in general terms by one who was well acquainted with him: "There is no thanks to the man for preaching; for although he was a man of good information, yet his native modesty and timidity of mind kept him back so long, that it seemed as if agony of soul would

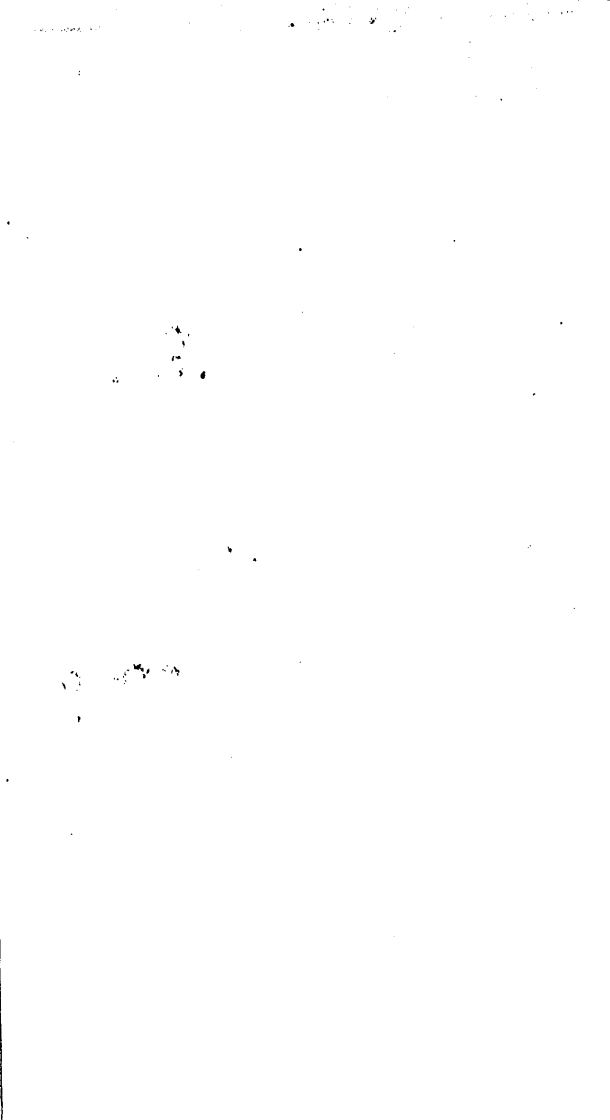
kill him, and it was, *preach or die.*”* A deep anxiety that all around him might partake in the blessings of the Gospel, filled his soul. This anxiety was increased by having his attention directed to the destitute condition of the heathen world, which gave him increasing boldness and confidence in his ministrations. He was one of the first among the Baptists in Kentucky who imbibed the spirit of foreign missions; “and this,” says one who was opposed to missions, “gave him a growth in the ministry which [possibly] he never otherwise would have had.”† So true is it, that “he who watereth, shall be watered himself.” He was thus one among the ten thousand evidences that a zeal for the salvation of the heathen is always accompanied by a corresponding zeal for the efficacy of the Gospel at home, and they who are most liberal in behalf of those who sit in darkness in remote parts of the world, are evidently most engaged in ameliorating the condition of those immediately around them. But neither the missionary zeal of our departed brother, nor the affectionate welcome with which he was every where received, nor the evident blessings that attended his ministry, could ever entirely overcome that retiring modesty for which he was so remarkable. His discourses were delivered in a plain affectionate manner; they evinced a calm, un-

*Taylor's History Ten Churches, p. 98.

†Ibid.

abating zeal for the success of the Gospel, and an ardent desire to be useful as a servant of the Redeemer. He had a clear view of the Gospel plan of salvation, and occasionally exhibited its leading features in his sermons; but the peculiar turn of his mind seldom led him into (what is termed) doctrinal preaching, and always kept him at a distance from the field of controversy. He had a lively sense of the goodness of God in saving sinners, and a bright view of the work of the Holy Spirit in translating them from the power of darkness into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. These were the themes on which he delighted to dwell. His soul was baptised into the love of Christ, and he recommended Him to others with an affectionate earnestness that seldom failed to have a solemnizing effect. But if any particular object might be said to have the ascendancy in his mind, it was the prosperity of the Churches of Jesus Christ; that they might be maintained with peace and purity; that all their members might abound in love, be established in the truth, and walk in all the ways of the Lord blameless. For the accomplishment of this desirable end, he laboured continually. In his public ministrations, he urged the necessity of practical piety, and of peaceful affectionate demeanor, in a style so candid, so simple, and so impressive, and in the whole tenor of his life displayed





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